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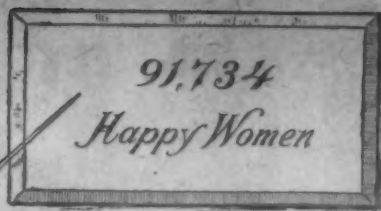
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# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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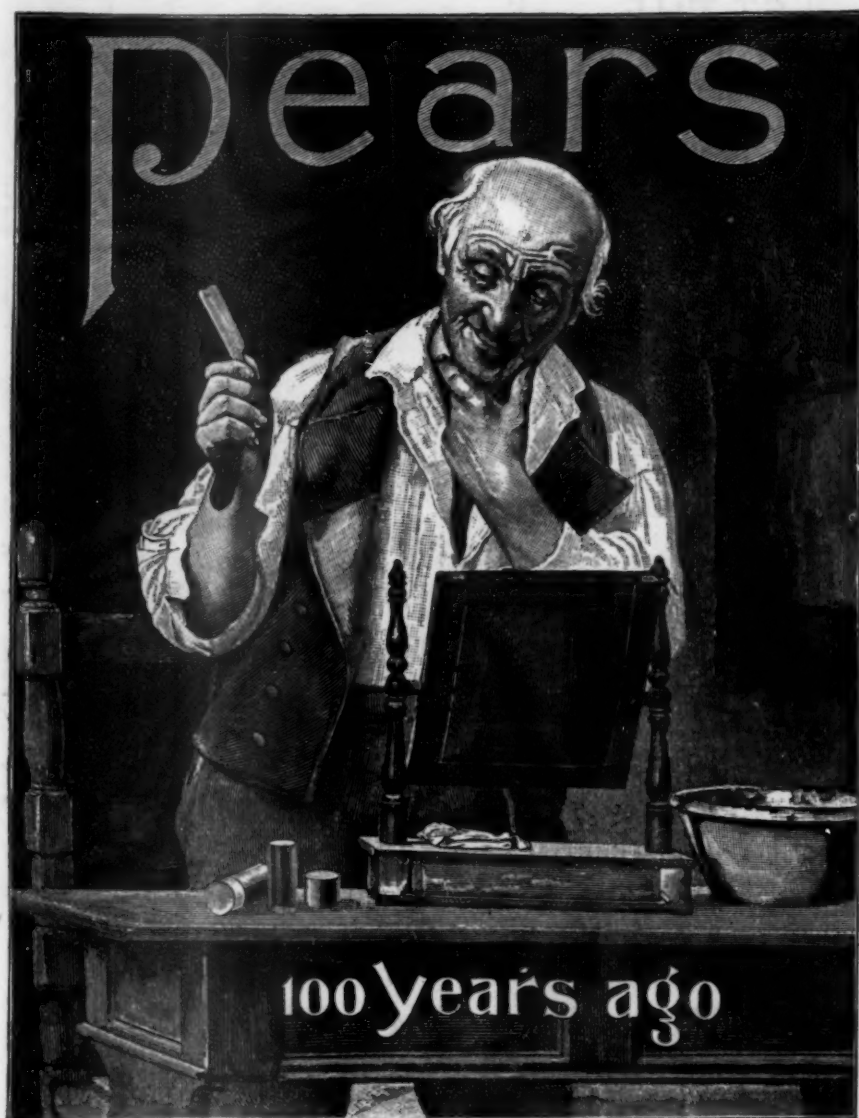
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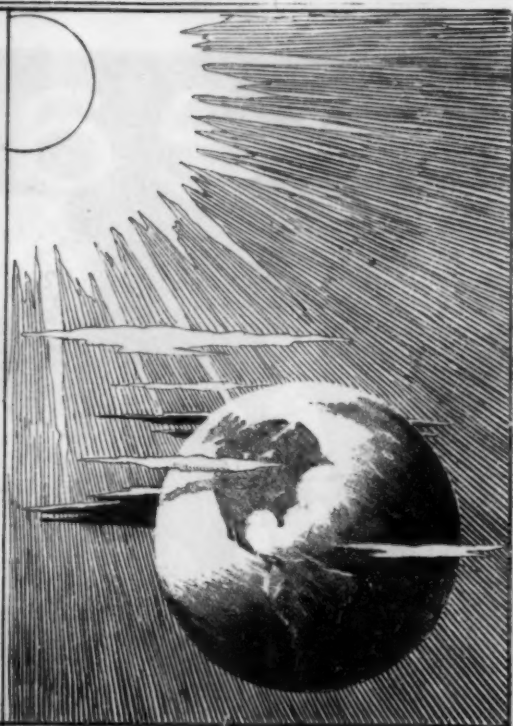
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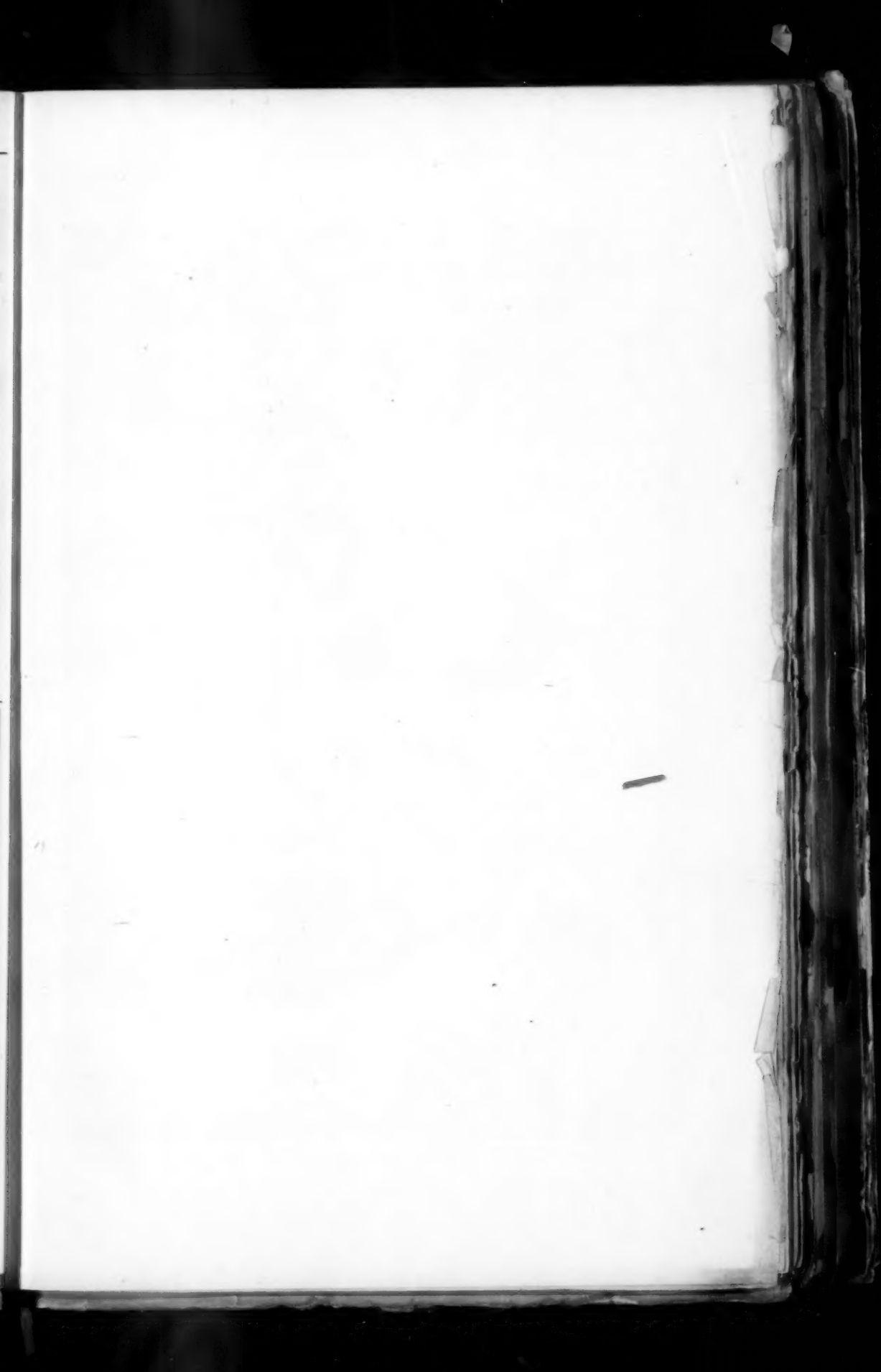
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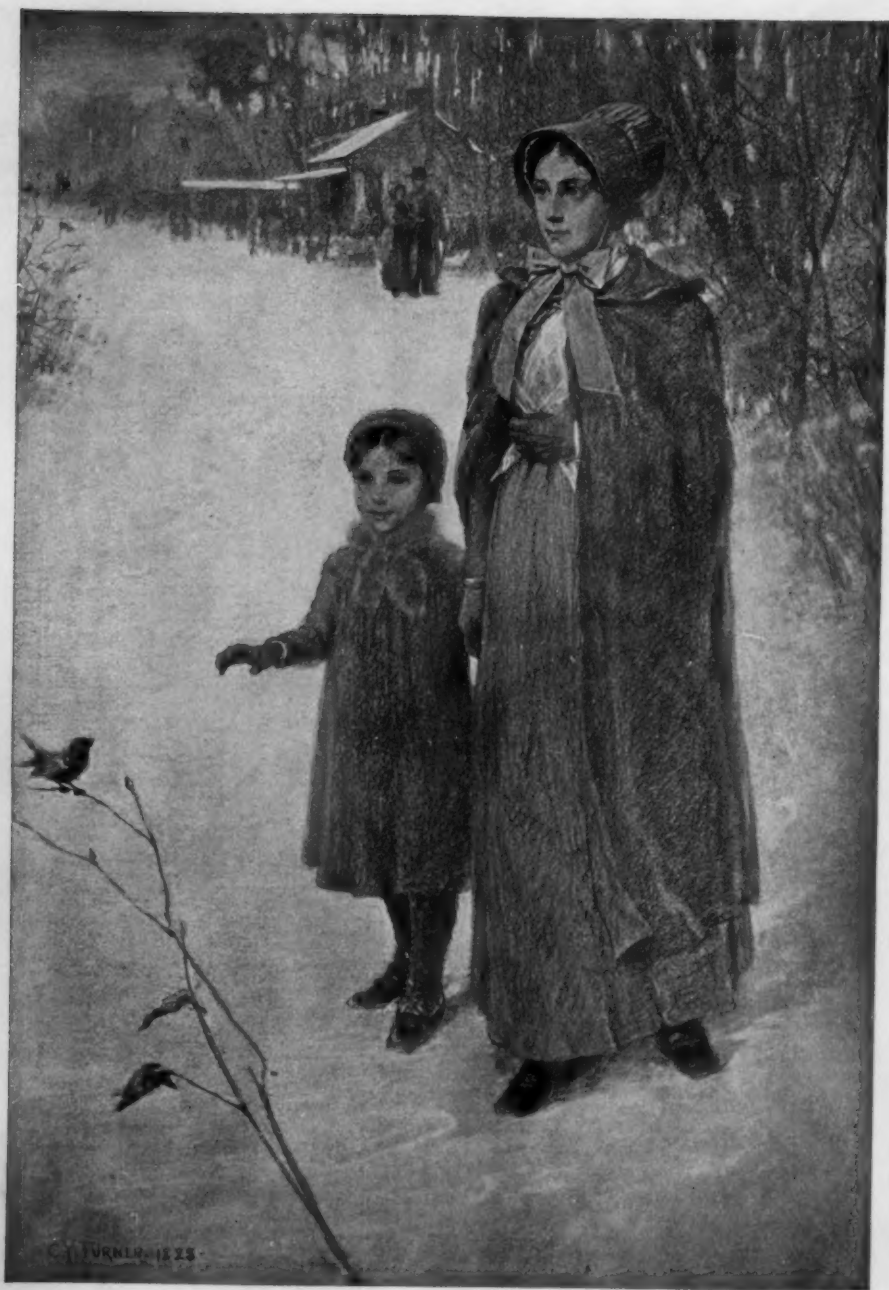
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FIRST-DAY MORNING.

From the painting by C. Y. Turner.



# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

JULY, 1895.

VOL. LXV.

No. 7.

## A WONDERFUL CHILD OF SILENCE.

ESTELLA V. SUTTON.

IN a sunny southern home in the town of Tuscumbia, Alabama, some fourteen years ago, was born a little girl whom destiny had marked for a wonderful career. Through her tiny veins ran the blood of Colonel Alexander Moore, General Robert E. Lee, and Edward Everett Hale, an illustrious ancestry, but one she was destined to honor, in a unique way, before reaching maturity. It is rare if not unprecedented, that a child of fourteen should pass so generally into current literature as has Helen Adams Keller.

Every one has heard of this phenomenal blind and deaf girl; many have seen her or at least read her simple life-story written, originally, for the *Youth's Companion*. Those who are prone to discount her fame as an exaggeration of over-fond friends need only spend an hour in her presence to be convinced that the little girl is a prodigy among prodigies.

A sketch of her life—a life so rare in its details as to need no literary art to make it thrilling, will serve to present what is a world-wide study.

Helen was the first child to enter the home of Major Arthur Keller, and as the little girl writes in her autobiography, "My mother watched me coming and going, laughing, prattling, with proud happy eyes. I was her only child, and she thought there never had been another baby quite so beautiful as her little Helen."

When she was eighteen months old, scarlet fever deprived her of both sight and hearing, although the fact

did not force itself upon the unhappy parents until some time after her recovery. It was one of those soul-tragedies with an old-new plot which the parents of every deaf child know by heart. What hero in battle ever opposed his foe with such despairing energy as the mother fights the growing conviction, "My child is deaf!"

The record of Helen's life from this period gives us a rare peep into the wonderland of a child's soul. Our memories of babyhood, of the first, vague questionings and the evolution of our primitive philosophy, are either indistinct or obliterated by the multitude of after-impressions. Living, day after day, in a world of silence and darkness, Helen's ideas were unique and somewhat late in development, hence many of them are preserved in her wonderful memory.

The speech-idea, which must be evolving itself in the baby's mind when he lisps his first "goo-goo," came to Helen as follows:

"When I was a very little child, I used to sit in my mother's lap nearly all the time because I was very timid and did not like to be left by myself, and I would keep my little hand on her face all the while, because it amused me to feel her face and lips move when she talked with people. I did not know, then, what she was doing, for I was quite ignorant of all things. Then, when I was older, I learned to play with my nurse and the little negro children, and I noticed that they kept moving their lips just like

my mother; so I moved mine, too, but sometimes it made me angry and I would hold my playmates' mouths very hard. I did not know, then, that it was very naughty to do so."

It was a long step from this vague wondering to the actual use of speech, but several years later the chasm was spanned.

Another echo from this strange childhood tells of her first knowledge of pain. Her temperament was sunny, and she had been shielded by her misfortune from contact with the sadder phases of life. Hence this seems like a fresh entrance of sorrow into Eden. She writes:

"Before I learned to read I thought everybody was happy, and at first I was grieved to know about pain and great sorrows."

Her perplexity increased until she finally wrote a childish letter to Bishop Phillips Brooks, asking him why her Father in Heaven thought it best for His children to have pain and sorrow sometimes, and adding pathetically, "Please tell me something you know about God."

As the little girl grew out of babyhood she learned to express her wants in simple gestures, but their inadequacy often angered her. When she was six years old her father went to the director of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, where Laura Bridgman was educated, asking for a teacher. The final answer came some time afterward in the person of Miss Annie Sullivan, a lady who had been blind, but whose sight was then fully restored. There is something inexpressibly pathetic in the story of her arrival as Helen tells it:

"My mother had made me understand, in a vague way, that a lady was coming who would have something to do with me. . . . There I stood, clinging to the lattice of the porch, wistfully waiting for I knew not what.

. . . Suddenly I felt approaching footsteps; they came nearer; I stretched out my little hand eagerly; some one took it, and in another instant I was in my teacher's arms. . .

We could not speak to each other. I could not ask her why she had come. Yet I am sure I felt, in a vague, bewildered way, that something beautiful was going to happen to me."

This is almost an allegory of the approach of human fate.

One is naturally curious to know by what avenue a teacher would reach so circumscribed a mind. A beginning was made at once. In unpacking her trunk Miss Sullivan took from it a beautiful doll, which she presented to her little charge. After Helen's curiosity had been satisfied Miss Sullivan took the tiny hand and spelled doll in letters of the manual alphabet. Helen speaks of this as finger-play; for, at first, it was nothing more to her than an agreeable exercise of her tiny pink digits. In the course of two weeks she had learned to spell the names of about twenty articles, but it was still gymnastics, and not language, for she had not caught the idea that a word was the sign of a conception. But one day, while holding her mug under the spout of the pump and spelling w-a-t-e-r at her teacher's direction, the conception of language burst upon her, and she was scarcely able to contain the grandeur of the thought. "Until that day," she says, "My mind had been like a darkened chamber, waiting for words to enter and light the lamp, which is thought."

Her progress from this time was phenomenally rapid. It was and has ever since been a mind wholly consecrated to the service of learning. We sometimes wonder when she allowed herself time to play; for her powers were all focused on knowledge, and the eye of her mind was constantly alert. In this respect she was the ideal pupil so often sighed for by the weary teacher, so rarely realized.

An idea of the rapidity with which her mind developed may be gained from the fact that in April of 1887 the child who a month previously had been without a language or an idea of one was expressing thought in sentences. This she did at first in connection with objects. Being supplied with

slips of paper containing words printed in raised letters, she would lay them on the corresponding objects, thus expressing, "Helen is in wardrobe;" "Box is on table;" The next step was to arrange the slips in a frame in the proper order to form sentences.

The methods ordinarily used with blind children were soon discarded, as the little pupil's intelligence overleaped conventional bounds and rendered intermediate steps in the educational process unnecessary. In an incredibly short time she could write, read books in raised letters, and spell manually, receiving the communications of others by having them spelled in her hand.

After fifteen months' instruction in her own home, Helen accompanied her teacher to the Perkins Institution in Boston, where Miss Sullivan continued her instruction for several years, with the splendid opportunities afforded by that school in the way of cabinets of specimens, stuffed animals, embossed books, etc.

It was there that Helen discovered that her little associates (blind but not deaf) had other means of communication than hers, and the question immediately sprang to her mind, "Do deaf children ever learn to speak?" Her teacher explained that they did, but it was very difficult, and they acquired speech by watching their teachers' lips.

"But could I not *feel* your mouth?" asked Helen.

For a child without hearing or any recollection of sound, and furthermore, with no sight to apprehend the visible elements of speech, to learn to articulate seemed too near the miraculous to come within the domain of education; so Helen went sorrowing, for a time, under the assurance that it was too difficult. But she had a hope that certainly was the earnest of fulfilment, and repeatedly spelled "*I must speak.*" She was finally taken to Miss Sarah Fuller, a teacher of articulation in the Horace Mann School for the Deaf, where, in ten lessons, she mastered the elements of speech. It would take

more space than we can command to sketch the details of this remarkable accomplishment. Suffice it to say that the sensitive fingers took the place of eyes and ears as the eager pupil explored Miss Fuller's lips, mouth and external throat to find the position of teeth, tongue and trachea in forming the different sounds, and that owing to absolute concentration her imitation of them was accurate.

It is a touching tribute to her unselfish nature that her first thought, on learning that she could speak, was of the joy it would give others. She writes:

"How glad my mother will be. I can hardly wait for June to come, I am so eager to speak to her and my little sister. Mildred could not understand me when I spelled with my fingers, but now she will sit on my lap and I will tell her many things to please her."

Painstaking practice has been required to develop her use of vocal language, but at the present writing her articulation is superior to that of most of the deaf who are assisted in learning by their vision. And what is yet more wonderful, she reads the speech of others by placing her fingers where the lips of the speaker play lightly upon them. Her studies are partly conducted by having books read to her in this manner.

For months, after her first lessons in speech, Helen was obliged to discontinue study, as the intense strain of that effort had impaired her health. She entirely recovered, however, and is pursuing studies in English literature, history, mathematics, Latin, French, etc., with unflagging zeal.

We venture no prophecy of the future; but it is safe to say that, thus far, Helen Keller is an educational prodigy without a parallel. Doubly handicapped by nature, she has not only risen to the level of her fully endowed fellows, but, in command of language and actual acquirements, has outstripped them.

In what measure we may regard this girl as abnormal, or how far she is

simply a skillful development of normal faculties, it is impossible to say. The scrutiny of science is focused upon her from all sides. The scalpel of psychology is busily probing her perceptions and the spectroscope of psychic science is analyzing her faculties. We can weigh a hair and measure a sunbeam; but the instruments to examine faculties are not so easily constructed.

No exhaustive analysis of Helen Keller's powers has yet been attempted, and those who seek to account for her accomplishments are only partly successful. There are yet unknown quantities in the equation. We cannot justly adopt the deaf child as a standard of comparison, for any one familiar with the inflexible expression of the deaf will realize how Helen's command of idiomatic language places her incomparably above her fellows in affliction.

Dr. Oliver Wendall Holmes, to whom the little girl made a memorable visit, writes: "I am surprised at the mastery of language that your letter shows. It almost makes me think the world would get along as well without the senses of sight and hearing as with them. Perhaps people would be better in a great many ways, for they could not fight as they do now. Just think of an army of blind people with guns and cannon. Think of the poor drummers! Of what use would they and their drum-sticks be?"

It does great credit not only to you but to your instructors who have so broken down the walls that seemed to shut you in that now your outlook seems more bright and cheerful than that of many seeing and hearing children."

Her chaste, beautiful language Helen owes to her marvellous memory and the choiceness of her environment. Hers is a mind that retains the language poured into it without conscious effort. No expression, turn of thought, or figure seems ever to escape her. When we remember that her little world has been a choicely circumscribed one, her associates cultured

people, and that from the loose, ungrammatical talk which unconsciously corrupts a child's diction she has been removed by her affliction, we can realize from what pure sources she draws her language. In her store-house are the treasures of Whittier, Holmes, Tennyson, Longfellow, retained not merely in their substance but preserving the very language-mold in which they were cast. When she wishes to clothe her thoughts, all this wealth is hers upon demand without the search for words and similes which a less nimble memory necessitates. Dr. A. Graham Bell, in a paper read before the National Academy of Sciences at Washington, characterizes this phenomenon as unconscious plagiarism. We must not, however, regard Helen's language as a dilution of classic literature. This it would be if memory were her only great endowment. But to it is wedded a powerful imagination that creates where the single faculty would reproduce. Her conversation sparkles with figures, descriptions, and pretty conceits which doubtless draw their substance from the writings of great authors; but they are so tinted and rearranged by Helen's rich fancy that they become, practically, her own. Note the graceful fancies in the following, culled from her every-day speech:

One day, while gathering flowers about some hillside springs in Alabama, she exclaimed; "The mountains are crowding around the springs to look at their own beautiful reflection."

Referring, at another time, to a visit in Lexington, Mass., she writes, "As we rode along, we could see the forest monarchs bend their proud forms to listen to the little children of the woodlands whispering their secrets. The anemone, the wild violet, the hepatica, and the funny little curled-up ferns all peeped out at us from beneath the brown leaves."

"I think the flowers are God's smiles," she remarked one day. "When the flower wilts, the perfume is its soul going up to God."

To these two faculties of memory





HELEN KELLER CONVERSING WITH DR. BELE AND MISS SULLIVAN.

and imagination, the little pupil owes not only the clothing of her thought but her wonderful store of information. A schedule of what she has studied would give but a meagre idea of her knowledge. There seems to be absolutely no subject on which she cannot converse intelligently. At the public receptions held for her in several of our great cities, she has been the centre of curious circles of educators, scientists, philosophers, ministers, men of every school of thought, and these have plied her with questions from their several standpoints. The answers

which fall from her lips are little short of marvellous.

Even if we accept the psychological theory that what gains a lodgment in the mind is never really forgotten, the wonder still remains; for memory may indeed preserve the records of all that enters the mind, but it is quite another matter to persuade it to give up the facts at the right time. Helen's facility for recalling is nearly perfect, and her knowledge is so classified that she knows just where to turn for the most diverse material.

In what degree may this girl be re-

garded as a revelation of the possibilities within the reach of every child?

No close comparison can fairly be made between her and the ordinary child; for aside from the question of abnormal endowment, she owes much of her memory development to her very affliction. She lives in a world of absolute quiet and darkness, undistracted by the multitude of impressions that approach us simultaneously through eye and ear. In her studies but one sense (that of touch) is on strict duty at a time. Through manual spelling or speech manually apprehended ideas are presented with no rival impressions to efface them. The most perfect concentration (on which memory so largely depends) is thus possible. With powers accurately focussed on the entering thought, it makes an intense, clear-cut impression somewhat like that we occasionally receive when one sense is unduly exalted, and the others, for the time, are in abeyance.

To the vividness of first impression is added the advantage of meditation. Helen has only to withdraw her hand, and the current of communication is cut off. She is then free to arrange her thoughts and ruminate upon her mental store as no appliance of art enables us to do.

But all this would be of little value if she were not gifted with a wonderful imagination. This faculty must be in almost constant use; for her world is a picture gallery, and imagination must paint, from the suggestion of three senses, the things ordinarily supplied by five. The daily occurrences of the home life become history as they pass through spelling to reach her, and imagination vivifies them before she can be responsive. It is no wonder, then, that the fictitious persons she meets in books are almost as real as the friends about her, and that the pages of ancient history glow with as much color as the day just ended.

This nimbleness of the imagination is nature's greatest compensation for her loss of sight and hearing; for, although the remaining senses are quickened, they could not possibly

supply the materials she must have for an adequate conception of the universe. A word, a mere suggestion of natural features, and the scene is hers. She goes to Niagara and stands in the presence of the cataract that speaks so powerfully through eye and ear, but has only faint messages for any other sense. Beyond the dashing of the spray and the vibration of the ground we wonder what can possibly appeal to her. At the base of the falls she receives a description of the scene. Imagination is on the alert. The most ardent lover of nature could not be more enraptured than she becomes. An eye-witness thus describes the scene:

"No one whose privilege it was to be there will ever forget the varied emotions expressed in her face. She said but little, yet every action betrayed her excitement. Finally, with her face wreathed in smiles, she said, in a hushed voice, with a marvelously significant cadence: 'I feel the tremble.' She then unpinned the lovely rose she wore upon her dress that morning, and extending her arm as far as possible beyond the railing, dropped it into the rushing torrent, saying, 'The rose is buried on its passionate heart—the river carries it away, I can see its grandeur and beauty . . . I think I have the same sensation that I had when I first stood beside the great ocean—a feeling of awe and reverence mingled with a little fear. I think I shall feel the same when I stand in St. Peter's and at the foot of Mt. Blanc.'"

With Helen's mental alertness is coordinated a great quickening of the senses. This finds practical use in a hundred ways, not the least important being her ability to read a rapid manipulation of the fingers on the back of her hand, on her arm, her neck, her face—anywhere the speaker may choose to spell to her.

Visitors at the World's Fair may have noticed, in a department of the Anthropological Building, mechanical apparatus for testing memory, accuracy of sense-perception, susceptibility to

pain, etc. Helen was subjected to these various tests with very significant results. A minute description of these is impossible here, but their record shows remarkable strength of memory, and an incomparable delicacy of sense-perception through touch.

What light Helen Keller may yet throw on psychology, education, or psychic science we dare not prophesy. But to the layman, unincumbered by

scientific spectacles, she is one of the purest and loveliest of nature's children. Whatever diagnosis of her case the learned doctors may make, there will be none more beautiful (nor, perhaps, nearer the truth) than her own given at Niagara Falls: "Do you think it is strange that I should like to be here? No; it is not strange; *for God has planted in our hearts the power to feel the mystery enfolding us.*"

## AS YOU WOULD BE FORGIVEN.

BY JULIA S. LAWRENCE.

CHUG! Chug! Chug! The great barrel churn went steadily round and round, with scarce a break in its grum monologue.

"This churning of butter will pay up the taxes, Mary, and then we can begin to save for the new buggy, you are so anxious to have," remarked the churner, complacently, as his wife came out into the porch with a pan of hot water carried carefully in both hands.

Mrs. Marlow gave a satisfied little chuckle. "I shall be glad to see the roan colt in something beside that old wagon," she said warmly. "He deserves the best there is and, with a new buggy, we'll have as fine a turnout as the rest of the folks."

"They can't, any of them, get away from the roan, buggy or no buggy," returned her husband, proudly, "for there isn't a better roadster the country round. The old cart, though, hasn't been fit for anything but to go to mill in these five years; but we'll have a new one now, the farm is paid for—or will be, when Higgins gets the money that's ready for him—and then we'll take comfort."

"We've always taken comfort, John," persisted Mrs. Marlow. "We have enjoyed working and saving to pay for our home, and I'm thankful we have had health and strength to do it. I shall be as glad as you are, though, when the last cent is paid. I

am in a hurry to have it out of the house."

He laughed good-naturedly. "Well, I'll drive down with it to-night, after chores," he said. "Higgins is a close-fisted man, and some folks call him dishonest, but he has always been fair and square with me; I'll say that for him."

"He ought to be," returned Mrs. Marlow, decidedly. "We have paid our interest every year and met each payment as fast as it came due; we have paid him twice over for the place, in paying so much interest."

"Well, well, it's over with now, Mary; so let's be happy. I thank God He has let me live to see the day I can call the farm my own. Why! what's the matter?" he cried, in the next breath, as his wife staggered away from the "worker" she was scalding and dropped down into a chair. "Are you sick, Mary? O! what is it?"

He ran to her side and began chafing her hands. "Speak to me, Mary!" he cried, frantically. "O! what shall I do?"

Mrs. Marlow smiled faintly. "It's nothing," she whispered. "I'll be better in a minute."

"Shan't I call some one!" he asked anxiously. "Let me send Joe for the doctor."

"No; no;" she clutched at his sleeve as he turned to leave her. "I'll be all right in a minute; I'm better

already. Don't be frightened, John; it's nothing truly."

"You do look better," he said, relieved to see the color coming into her lips once more. "But you'd better go and lie down a while. Let me help you on to the bed."

"No; I'm going to sit right here," said she decidedly. "I shan't know I ever had such a spell half an hour from now. Go back to your churning, John; I'm all right, I tell you."

"What do you suppose made you have such a spell?" he asked, as he reluctantly obeyed and the churn began once more its revolutions. "Did you ever have anything like it before?"

"O, yes;" she tried to speak carelessly for she saw he was really alarmed. "I have had one or two such spells, but they don't last long. It is nothing of any consequence, John; not worth your worrying over."

"Well, there's one thing about it," said he, stoutly, "now the farm is paid for, you are not going to work so hard. I shall hire a girl and let you play lady."

"Play lady, indeed!" she repeated, with a brave attempt at merriment. "Play lazy, you mean. I don't want any hired girl around to wait on. I'd rather save the money to buy a silver-plated harness for the roan."

"We'll see about that," with a knowing shake of the head. "There! the butter's come, at last. Now you sit still till it is ready to take out; I can do this myself."

She protested feebly, but he was firm, and it was not till the butter was packed and put away in the cellar, and the heavier work of washing the churn was done that he would leave her.

"Don't be a goose, John dear;" she said at last. "I am just as well able to finish this and get dinner to-day, as I was yesterday. There is no need of your neglecting your work to do mine, if you do intend to make a lady of me."

So he reluctantly went away to the field, but his wife's pale face was ever before him as he monotonously followed the long rows of corn up and down.

He was a man of quiet tastes and simple habits, one who loved his home and who found his greatest pleasure in doing faithfully the work each day brought to his hand. Whenever he thought of growing old, imagination pictured himself and Mary sitting, side by side, in the twilight of life, happy, as they were now, in each other's companionship, and fearing nothing they could meet together. The possibility of her leaving him had scarcely entered his mind until now, and the thought gave him so much uneasiness that it was with a sigh of relief he heard the blast of the horn, summoning him to dinner.

Mrs. Marlow looked up with a smile and a nod as he entered the kitchen, and when the hired man was taking his turn at the wash-basin, she beckoned him into the pantry, with a mysterious air.

"Do you feel any different to-day than you did yesterday, John?" she whispered. "Why—I don't know as I do," he replied. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you are a free man!" she said, with a nervous little laugh. "You are out of debt at last—you don't owe Nathan Higgins one single cent!"

"What?" he ejaculated.

"It's a fact. You hadn't been gone from the house more than half an hour when Higgins himself drove into the yard. He came to bring home the saw he borrowed last spring, you remember, and said he was going away—over into Clark county, I believe—to be gone till Thursday. I told him you were going down to-night to take up that last note, for the money was all ready for him. He seemed real pleased and said he could take it now, just as well, and asked where you were. I didn't think it was necessary to call you, as you had been hindered so long this morning, so paid him the money myself. He said you had done well to pay up so promptly."

"He gave you a receipt, of course."

"Why—no. Ought I to have asked for one? He said to tell you to come down Thursday night, when he got



home, and you should have your note, and I didn't think there was any need of a receipt in such a case as that. Do you care because I paid him?" she added, as a shadow crossed his face.

"Have I done anything wrong, John?"

"O, I hope not," he answered, evasively. "We'll go down Thursday night without fail and it will be all right, I reckon."

But he said to himself as he pumped a pitcher of fresh water for the table: "I wish she had asked for a receipt, I should feel safer about it; but she must go down with me Thursday night, and he can't play any sharp game on me, as I can see."

Still he could not help feeling anxious over it, and was glad when Thursday came that he need not sleep over the affair another night. But an hour before noon, he was summoned to the house, by the call of a neighbor, and following her flying footsteps, he went in to find his wife so white and cold and still, that it seemed to him a portion of the chill, which had settled over her, clutched at his heart also, and all the warmth and brightness faded out of his life.

He listened, in a dazed way, to the neighbor's account of coming in and finding Mrs. Marlow on the floor, of her getting her on the bed and calling to a boy, who was passing, to run for the doctor, while she called Mr. Marlow. And, afterward, when the doctor came and said he could do nothing, that she must have been dead some time before anyone found her, and he heard the neighbors talking together in subdued tones as they prepared his Mary for her long sleep, he listened to it all in the same benumbed way, as though it were some other's sorrow they were discussing, not his own.

It could not be his Mary was never coming back to him. He could not live without her. Who would keep house for him? Who would tease him when she felt gay, or soothe him so tenderly when he was troubled? How willing she always shared his burdens, and how he enjoyed planning some little surprise for her. Only this morn-

ing he had been calculating how he could get a silver-plated harness for the roan colt, just to please her—the roan colt who would come at her call and eat from her hand.

Ceaselessly he paced the floor, all the weary night through, thinking only of the past—he could not plan for the future. The next day his sister came—a bustling, energetic widow—and whatever had seemed to go wrong, indoors or out, suddenly straightened itself into place again, and all went on smoothly as before. Her brother she comforted, much as she did when they were children, in the old home, and he had met with some boyish disaster, but he was glad she was there, and felt intuitively, that she would not leave him.

Nearly two weeks passed before he thought of Nathan Higgins and the money his wife had paid him, and then it came to him like an electric shock, rousing him completely from the apathy into which he had fallen.

"How could I have forgotten that!" he exclaimed, rubbing his head vigorously as if to stimulate his brain, "It was a careless thing for her to do—not to take a receipt for it—but she thought she was helping me, poor girl, and was so sure I would be pleased about it, that I couldn't blame her. I'll go down there this very minute." He strode away to the barn and hurriedly harnessed the roan, buckling each strap with nervous haste. He could not work fast enough.

Mr. Higgins was at home and greeted him with a great show of sympathy. "Mrs. Marlow was a fine woman—a very fine woman," he remarked, blandly as John Marlow sat silent before him, vainly trying not to disclose how cruelly each word stabbed him. "But you must not let your troubles blind you to your duty you owe to the church and the community. You must not give up to your troubles; you must be brave and cheerful for the sake of others, you must—"

"You don't know anything about it!" interrupted Mr. Marlow, fiercely. "You can't know the first thing till you have experienced it yourself! But

I didn't come here to talk about that—I came to get the note you hold against me." "Certainly; certainly;" replied Mr. Higgins, somewhat taken aback by his vehemence.

"You are always prompt to pay your debts—have met all your payments honorably. Of course this one is a little overdue, but I did not feel like pressing the matter, under these painful circumstances. I said, says I John Marlow's true blue, he'll pay up that note all right when he's himself again; but he's in trouble now—the worst of troubles. Let me see, there was two hundred dollars due on the note, I believe. That with the interest will made two hundred and twelve, will it not?"

Mr. Marlow stared at him in blank astonishment. "I didn't come to pay you any money!" he gasped. "The money is already paid, and I want my note. Mary"—his voice faltered an instant over the dear name. "My wife paid it to you only two days before she—before she went away, the day you started to go over into Clark county."

"My dear fellow! have you gone wild?" exclaimed Mr. Higgins, with feigned alarm. "Has this trouble affected your brain? You do not know what you are saying."

"I do know what I'm saying," cried Mr. Marlow, now thoroughly aroused. "I am talking about the money my wife paid you two days before she died. You drove over to take back the saw you had borrowed, and when you said you were going away, she paid you the money, and you left word for me to come down Thursday night, after you got home, and get my note. I didn't come that night because my wife died, but I have come now and I demand my note."

Mr. Higgins smiled pityingly. "I remember carrying the saw home that day; I remember seeing Mrs. Marlow and thinking how pale she looked; but as for her paying me any money—well, I do not doubt her telling you so, but perhaps this trouble may have been about her for some time, and her mind was not right. Such is often the case."

"Her mind was all right; I want my note," reiterated Mr. Marlow.

"Now look here, my dear fellow," and Higgins' smile was intended to be most friendly, "If your wife paid me any money, as you wish me to believe, where is your receipt for it? I am a man of business and when I receive any money—be it little or much—I am in the habit of giving a receipt. Just show me your receipt, if you please," and he leaned back in his chair and studied the ceiling attentively.

John Marlow's heart sank within him. "There isn't any receipt, I know," he said, slowly. "She trusted you—too much, I can see now; she thought your word was sufficient. You know, though, Nathan Higgins, that she paid you that money, and once more I demand my note."

Mr. Higgins laughed contemptuously. "And I say you can have your note when you pay what is due on it, and not till. I do not wish to be hard on you, I know you must have had a great deal of extra expense the past few weeks, so if you can't raise the money for me, I'll take the roan colt off your hands. I know you have been offered two hundred dollars for him, but if you will let me have him, I'll call it square, and you share have your note, sir, at once."

John Marlow stared out of the window, yet saw nothing. Let him have the roan colt—his Mary's pet? Never. He would sacrifice everything else first. He must have time to think it over before he decided what to do, so after a moment's silence he arose, took his hat, and walked toward the door.

"You'd better think twice before you refuse my offer," Mr. Higgins called after him. "I want that business settled up and would like the money, but am willing for the sake of helping you, to take the colt instead. One or the other I must have."

Mr. Marlow made no reply but walked out of the house, unhitched his horse and climbing blindly into his buggy, drove away.

\* \* \* \*

"I have always heard Higgins was

sharp in a trade," Mr. Marlow remarked when accustomed to talking everything over with his wife, he had told his sister of his interview with Nathan Higgins, "but I did not suppose he would be as dishonest as this."

"O, I don't think he really meant to be dishonest when he took the money," she said, reflectively. "If Mary had lived and you had both gone down that Thursday night, as was planned, I've no doubt but that all would have been right. But if I understand the man—and I think I do—he is one who would not hesitate to take advantage of circumstances, and I fear you will be compelled to pay the money over again. Still, he may only be trying to test you, and now he sees how you feel, may say no more about it."

"I don't know how I can pay it if he does," returned Mr. Marlow, gloomily. "It will take time for me to raise that amount of money, and he shall not have the roan colt; I'll sell everything on the farm first. I suppose I might sell some of the cows, only that would cripple my dairy."

"No, no! don't do that," said his sister. "When it must be paid, if you haven't the money I'll let you have it and you can pay me when you can. But I wouldn't do or say anything about it till he brings the matter up again—if he dare. Wait and see if his conscience will allow him to go on in such dishonesty. Don't worry, John it will all come out right somehow; if not in time, it will in eternity. Right will triumph in the end, for God is ever on the side of justice."

Mr. Marlow only sighed wearily; life's burdens seemed far too heavy for him to carry these days. Still the shock he had just received proved in time a benefit to him for, thorough and pains-taking as he was, in all that he did, his love for his work gradually returned, and though he still shrank from meeting people, he found much consolation in caring for his stock and in cultivating his farm, every square foot of which was made sacred by tender memories of her who had shared

his toil and cheerfully borne privations in the hope of some day calling it their own.

Nearly two months had passed when he received a letter from the village lawyer saying a note against him had been left in his hands, by Nathan Higgins, to be collected, and if it was not paid within ten days, that he should be obliged to resort to legal measures to collect the same.

"That means I shall be sued for it," he said, bitterly. "Sued! me—John Marlow—who has always boasted that no man ever lost a cent by him, and who was never sued before in all his life! I can't stand that! I shall pay the money because I must, but its robbery—nothing else but robbery!"

He was too excited to work, so taking the money his sister so kindly loaned him, he went at once to the lawyer's office, but before paying it over, he asked the privilege of telling his story. The lawyer listened in silence; it was not his first acquaintance with Nathan Higgin's treachery.

Have you no proof that your wife paid him the money?" he asked, as Mr. Marlow finished. "Were there no witnesses to the transaction; was no receipt given?"

"None whatever. I have no proof of any kind but my wife's word; that is proof enough for me."

"Very true," returned the lawyer, "but that would not meet the requirements of the law. I believe your story, John Marlow; I know you to be an honest man, but I do not see any way out of the difficulty. You will be obliged to pay the money again; it would be worse than useless for you to stand a law-suit, for you have no legal grounds whatever to work upon. I advise you thus, as a friend and neighbor."

"I appreciate your kindness, Mr. Finch, and thank you for it," said Mr. Marlow, huskily. "I am well aware I can do nothing to save myself, so I must suffer it." He took out his pocket-book and began slowly counting out the money.

"As for Higgins," went on the law-

yer, "well—I am an old man and have watched these things for years, and though I know you church people think rewards and punishments belong to the next world, in my opinion they sometimes meet one in this, and if he makes anything in the end by this affair, I'm much mistaken."

Mr. Marlow walked over and laid the money on the desk. "There," he said, his face growing stern as he spoke, "you may give that to Nathan Higgins, but you may tell him I never wish to see his face again. I would not injure him in any way, but the world is big enough for us both. All I ask is for him to keep out of my way. I never wish to cross his path again, nor to have him ever cross mine."

\* \* \* \*

Six years went by, years that brought little change to John Marlow, save that the hard lines deepened in his face and he withdrew himself more and more from the companionship of his fellow-men. His sister still lived with him, her only daughter having married the year Mrs. Marlow died, so there was no one in the old home to need her, and, being a woman who ever did with her might what her hands found to do, she felt her brother's welfare to be her present duty.

A few weeks of every summer her daughter spent with them on the farm, bringing with her, of late, a little flaxen-haired girl, whose love for "Grandpa John" was fast becoming the dearest thing in the life of this silent, sorrowful-hearted man.

"Where you doe-ing Dran'pa John?" she asked one day, as he left the dinner-table after an unusually silent meal.

His dark face took on a darker hue, but two soft hands were clinging to his toil-hardened ones and he could not resist the pleading little face upturned to his. "I am going to mowing oats on the hill above the orchard, Pet," he said, not unkindly.

"Let Della doe too," she pleaded.

"Please Dran'pa John, let Della doe wis you."

"No, no; you can't go," he said, so

decidedly that the tears gathered in the big blue eyes. "You see," he added, in a softer tone. "Grandpa will be going up and down through the long field and Della's little feet could never keep up with him—even if it were safe."

"I'll tell you what you can do," interposed her grandmother. "Grandpa John will be thirsty enough by three o'clock to enjoy some of the lemonade Grandma is going to make, and you shall carry it to him."

"Oh—e! That will be a little err—und, won't it, Dran'ma!" she cried, jumping up and down in her delight. "I take you some lemollade, Dran'pa John—truly, truly, I will!"

Mr. Marlow could not but smile as she danced about the room, but the smile vanished as soon as he left the house. Fond as he was of Della, he would far rather not have her with him just now.

That morning, as he was driving the cows to pasture, a gossip neighbor had called to him, eager to tell the latest news.

"Had ye heard Higgins had lost his hoss?" he asked, and then without waiting for a reply he went on, garrulously: "That makes three hosses he's lost in the last five years, and I don't no how many caows. It beats all nater what bad luck he does have. I don't see what he's goin' ter do now, with his grain jest a comin' on. Why, he has oats out that ought ter ben got in day before yesterday, and nothin' in the world but that three-year-old colt ter do it with. It's hard on him; that's a fact."

And Mr. Marlow had walked away without replying, for he never mentioned Nathan Higgins' name to anyone, but a fierce thrill of exultation—which could scarcely be called joy—ran through him at the thought of his enemy's calamities. All the morning the demon within him had had full sway, but now conscience once more began to assert herself and he was shocked to find how much bitterness and ill will he had been cherishing all these years. He plunged recklessly



into work, in the hope of driving away these evil thoughts, never realizing how ceaselessly he was working, nor how he was over-tiring himself, till he saw Della's daisy-trimmed hat bobbing along the path through the orchard. Then he threw himself down on the grass underneath a gnarled old apple-tree and, taking off his hat, wiped the great beads of perspiration from his brow.

Della was walking slowly, lest she should spill the contents of her pail, but she smiled brightly, as she saw him sitting there waiting for her, and to this man who had been wrestling so long with the imps of darkness, she seemed like an angel of light, too pure for his companionship.

"There! I never spilled a drop!" she exclaimed triumphantly, as he took pail and cup from her hands. "It's dood lemollade, too, for dram'ma dive me a taste before I started—but I'm drefful thirsty now, dess the same."

He poured some of the lemonade into the cup and held it for her to drink. Then she took off her hat, also, and threw herself on the grass beside him.

"Now, Dran'pa John," she cried merrily, "you've dot to tell me a story to pay for this err-und."

"O, no," he interposed, hastily, "you tell me a story instead. What have you been doing since I came away?"

"O, I went on an err-und for dram'ma," she said complacently. "I went over to Mrs. Lane's with some 'east dram'ma had used up for her"—Della's ideas of borrowing were vague ones—"and dram'ma dive me two kisses to pay for it, and I hugged her, dess as hard as I could." The little maiden threw back her head and laughed merrily at the remembrance of the romp she had had with her grandmother. "Then I took my Evangeline out into the hummock and dive her a swing; she's such a dood child, I thought she deserved it."

"I'm sure she did," commented he absentmindedly.

"Yes; she's a dood child and a beau-au-tiful one;" went on Della. "But O, I did det so andwry with Maudie Dawson once." She paused and drew her breath in quickly, her face wrinkled into an exceedingly fierce frown.

"Why! why!" exclaimed Mr. Marlow. "Do you ever get angry, Della?"

"Sometimes," she said, meekly. "I did then—drefful andwry; but I'm not now, 'cause mamma talked to me, you see," she lowered her voice confidentially. "Maudie's auntie in New York sent her a dolly, Arabella Louise, and a little while after she comed, I took my Evangeline over to see her, and Maudie felt so—so *importable*, showing all of Arabella's new clothes that I said I'd rather have my own dear Evangeline, dess the same. And then Maudie said Evangeline had a *pud* nose and her face was like a *squate's*. I dess took my Evangeline and went right straight home, and said I'd never, never speak to her aden. I was so andwry, you see. But mamma talked and *talked* to me. She said I must fordive as I would be forgiven; and that Dod wouldn't *never* fordive me if I didn't fordive Maudie."

Mr. Marlow started as though he had received a sudden blow in the face. Had he forgiven as he would have God forgive him?

"She said I must fordive Maudie and do to see her;" went on Della impressively. "For it wasn't 'nuf to fordive and stay at home, I must do and let her know it."

John Marlow stifled a moan and, turning quickly away, leaned his head against the twisted tree trunk. His lips were livid and trembling, his breath came pantingly; but Della, like many older people, was too much engrossed with the story of her own troubles to notice his, and she prattled on, telling of her reconciliation with Madue, of Evangeline's charms and Arabella Louise's marvelous hats and bonnets.

"It isn't enough to forgive and stay at home, you must go and let her

know it." How the words clung to him and refused to be set aside! "Forgive as you would be forgiven." Was his sin, then, as great as Nathan Higgins? He had rather prided himself on the upright way with which he had treated one who had so grievously wronged him. He had never tried to injure him alone, never mentioning his name, and on the rare occasions that they met never seeing him. Indeed, Nathan Higgins might have lived on another planet for all he knew of, or cared for, his existence, and he, in his self-righteousness, had considered himself a most honorable man because of so doing, until this little prattler had innocently condemned his conduct.

He could sit still no longer, and springing to his feet, was starting for the grainfield again when Della's disappointed cry stopped him.

"You hav'n't paid me 'tall for my err-und," she pouted. "You didn't tell me a story, and you didn't kiss me, neivur."

He went silently back to where she stood and bending kissed the sweet up-turned face. In a twinkling, two little arms were about his neck and many kisses returned his silent one. With a smothered sob, he lifted the little figure in his arms and crushed her against his breast, holding her so tightly that she struggled painfully to get free.

"O-oo! you hurt me, Dran'pa John," she gasped. Then as he loosened his hold and she caught a glimpse of his face—the bitter anguish of which she could not comprehend—she patted his cheek with her dimpled hand and added, soothingly: "But you didn't mean to hurt me, I know, 'cause you're dood. You wouldn't hurt anybody, would you, Dran'pa John?"

Still unable to speak, he forced himself to smile as he put her gently down, helped her put on her hat and handed her the cup and pail; then he stood and watched her as she tripped down the winding path, even waving his hand in response to the merry good-

byes she was constantly turning to call back to him. But when she was out of sight he threw himself once more on the grass and fought it out with himself—a battle, less fierce than which—man seldom waged.

In the privacy of his own room, that night, he took his Mary's bible from the shelf—he somehow felt it would show him his duty more clearly than his own and read: "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

The next morning proved dark and dismal. "We shall have rain before noon," commented Mrs. Vaughn, as she stood in the door, watching the clouds which hung threateningly near the horizon. "I am glad you have no more grain down than you have, John, Jennie and I saw plenty that ought to be got in when we drove over for the mail last night."

As she spoke, low mutterings of distant thunder were heard, and Mr. Marlow thought of what his neighbor had said about Nathan Higgins' grain and wondered, vaguely, what he would wish people to do were he in like circumstances. Suddenly he turned abruptly about and hurried toward the barn, as though he dare not give himself time to think, lest his courage should fail him. He threw the harness on his horses, buckling each strap with nervous haste, and hitching them into the hay-rack, climbed in himself and drove rapidly away, in the direction of the Higgins farm.

A fellow he took to be the hired man was coming from the field as he drove up. "Is Mr. Higgins at home?" he called.

"No sir," replied the man.

"Will he be home soon?"

"Wal, I can't say," drawled the man. "He won't be gone longer than he can help, that's sartin. He said he was goin over to a Mr. Skinner's, and if he had good luck, he might go on to Brownsville. I reckon," he lowered his voice and looked cautiously over

his shoulder, "I reckon he's gone to borrow some money of that Skinner, to buy a hoss with. You knew he'd lost his hoss?"

"Yes; I heard so. Did he get his grain in before he went away?"

"Land! no. There's four loads of as fine oats, as you ever see, as'll git wet, sure as guns. I've bin down there just now, but I can't do a thing; they'll have ter git wet, and it's a pity, too."

"Jump in here, then;" cried Mr. Marlow, somewhat impatiently. "We'll see what we can do about it. You have a fork, I see, and there's one here in the cart, so we can go right to work."

"Wal, that's what I call clever," grinned the man, as he obeyed. He was a stranger and evidently knew nothing of the enmity between the two men. "I've bin a wonderin' why some of the folks didn't turn in and help Higgins, now he's in trouble. That's the way they do where I come from. Why, one man, over home, broke his ankle just as spring's work was a comin' on and the neighbors turned out and put in all his crops fer him. That's what I call bein' neighborly—doin' as you'd be done by, you see. Here we be; we can't git it all in 'fore it rains, I'm 'feared, but Dave Kilburn will do what he can towards it."

He sprang out, as he spoke, and went to work with a will, running, boyishly, from one place to another, and three loads were safely housed and the fourth was on the cart before the rain began to fall.

"We're caught at last," cried Dave, "You can't reach the barn without a soakin'. Too bad; I was in hopes we could save it all, but we're in fer it now," and snatching his pitchfork, he ran across the fields toward the barn, leaving Mr. Marlow to drive around by the road.

But John Marlow's horses were too well cared for every day of their lives, not to be depended upon in an emergency like this. He gave a sharp call, which they evidently understood, for

they started at once into a lively trot, breaking, a few minutes later, into a brisk canter, carrying the load of grain so steadily that scarcely a single straw fell to the ground.

"Wal, I vow! I call that slick done!" cried Dave, admiringly, as the horses bounded into the barn floor just as the rain fell in torrents. "Higgins 'll be powerful glad ter find his oats in, and yer a neighbor worth havin'. Come right into the house," he added, hospitably, "Mis Higgins'll be glad to see yer, I know. Just let me lead these hosses 'round into the stable; you won't go home till after dinner—in sich a rain as this."

"Yes, I shall;" said Mr. Marlow firmly, "If you will lend me that rubber coat there, I'll be all right. I haven't far to go." "It don't seem right to have yer, all the same," returned Dave, as he reluctantly handed up the coat. "Who shall I tell Mr. Higgins has been such a friend to him to-day? He'll want ter know, of course. It don't matter to me what yer name is; I know yer a gentleman and a Christian, but I shall want to tell Higgins."

Mr. Marlow was intent upon backing his horses from the barn and did not reply till they were headed toward home, then he said, slowly: "Tell him John Marlow did it because he was sorry for him—because he has had misfortunes of his own and knows how to pity others. Get up, boy," and he drove away amid honest hearted Dave's abundant thanks.

Scarcely twenty-four hours later Mrs. Vaughn stood kneading bread by the pantry window, with Della, in a chair beside her, alternately patting and thumping a tiny lump of dough, in as exact imitation of her grandmother as its stickiness would allow. The storm of the day before had purified the air and the earth lay smiling and beautiful under a cloudless sky. Through the open window came the fragrance of ripening grain, mingled with the heavier sweetness of midsummer's gorgeous flowers.

"A perfect picture of peace," she said musingly. The next moment she

heard slow, uncertain footsteps crossing the kitchen, and her brother appeared at the pantry door.

"What is it, John?" she asked in alarm, for his face was very pale.

"Nathan Higgins is dead!" the words came in a hoarse whisper.

"Dead!" she repeated, incredulously. "When did he die?"

"Early this morning. He had a shock yesterday, and lived barely twelve hours after it."

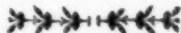
"Well," Mrs. Vaughn looked steadily out of the window, for she could

not endure the look in her brother's eyes "he has gone to his reward. I wonder—do you know—was he conscious?"

Mr. Marlow's face twitched convulsively. "He spoke only two words—and they were 'Marlow' 'forgive.'" He covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

Mrs. Vaughn moved quickly to his side and laid a floury hand on his shoulder. "You do forgive him, John," she asked anxiously.

"As I would be forgiven," he said, solemnly.



### A FAIR PACEMAKER.

BY MYRON B GIBSON.

SINCE early boyhood we had shared the same home, partners in every sport and task, each other's champion at school among the village boys, and later chums at college. Though but distant cousins, two brothers never were more to one another than Bob Larkin and I.

On leaving college our lives parted; Bob going west to combine the practice of medicine with the management of a fine estate left him by a relative, while I went into a city office. Our correspondence, kept up regularly for a time, became less and less frequent as business cares grew upon us. I had not heard from him in two years, but when I first began walking about after a wasting siege of typhoid, and my old doctor prescribed change of scene and country air, I thought of Bob at once and made ready for the visit I had so long promised.

I had chided him a good deal for hiding his talents in a rural community, but as I rode along a charming valley with great fields and green meadows stretching up to wooded hills on either side, and the stage driver pointed out Bob's place, a fine old house half hidden by a grove of oaks,

I forgot all about talents and the rush and worry of city life in my longing for just such a home myself.

A big, bearded fellow about to mount his horse at the gate, came toward the stage as the driver pulled up, and Bob had me in his arms as if we were but two frolicsome schoolboys again. Then we held at arm's length and bantered one another upon the changes time had wrought in our appearance.

"Come, come, you old rascal," I panted at last as I recollected the confidences we had exchanged in our later correspondence, "what do you mean by keeping me out here all day? I've come to see Mrs. Bob as much as yourself. Present me at once." I had caught his arm and turned him toward the house, but the shiver that I felt pass through that member stopped me short enough. As I wheeled in front of him we looked in each other's eyes, and I saw in Bob's the struggle of an iron will to hide the pain too plainly betrayed by the twitching muscles and changing color of his face.

"Pardon me, Bob!" I exclaimed deprecatingly. "I supposed you were married long ago."



"No, Tom," he replied with a hollow laugh, "you missed it that time. Aunt Kitty keeps house for me still." He was himself again in a moment, and giving directions to the driver about my baggage, led me to the house. Aunt Kitty I found such an amiable, merry little spinster, and such an excellent house-keeper that I was ready to believe Bob had concluded he could not do better than keep her at the head of his establishment. But as the days went by I could not escape the fact that a shadow had fallen upon my old friend's life.

He strove to be the same merry, bubbling spirit as of old to me, but I noticed more plainly each time I happened upon him unawares that he had fallen into a habit of brooding reverie from which he roused himself with visible effort. I saw too, a worn, haggard look about his eyes and mouth that a few added years and business cares could not well account for.

I longed to comfort him, but knew better than to ask for the confidence that I felt he would give unasked if he wished me to share it. As a play-fellow he had been as gentle and confiding as a girl, generous and obliging to a fault, yet immovable as a mountain where principle or a set purpose was concerned.

He was delighted to have me with him, and though he made light of my weakness and pallor, he took such good care of me that a week of driving about the country among his patients, with occasional rambles over his many fields made me almost a man again. His was an ideal life; affording ample scope to his natural passion for fine stock and his many pet theories of drainage and improvement, with just enough of professional duties to relieve the monotony of a life devoted wholly to agricultural pursuits.

There were many nice families in the neighborhood, and among them a half dozen pretty and accomplished daughters, any one of whom might have been proud to assume the name of Mrs. Bob Larkin. I wondered secretly how Bob had escaped the net so

long, and threw out sundry adroit hints in that direction, meaning to take him to task about it openly when I was sure I could approach the subject without wounding him. I was glad enough when he began to return my chaffing in its kind instead of avoiding such topics, and soon found the opportunity I waited for. As we sped along the broad country road behind a pair of nimble trotters one bright September morning, a trim, girlish figure mounted on a bicycle shot out of a lane some distance ahead and whirled down the road toward us. I had been an enthusiastic wheelmen for years, and the way she handled her machine caught my eye at once. She us gave half of the road as she neared us and passed without slackening her pace, saluting in true cyclist style in response to Bob's quiet "Good morning, Miss Howard."

I gazed spellbound at her remarkable beauty as she drew near. Her figure was slight but graceful as a fawn's, her face as near an angel's as God ever placed on the shoulders of a woman. A slight flush mantled her rather pale cheeks at meeting us and lent richer color to a picture that so intoxicated me with its loveliness that I had barely wit enough left to raise my hat as she passed.

"Who is she, Bob?" I asked, after gazing until she was out of sight. Bob seemed not to hear at first, but suddenly rousing himself replied nonchalantly:

"Oh, that's Miss Howard as you heard me call her; niece of Colonel Howard, whose place lies just across the valley from mine. She's an orphan, teaches at the little schoolhouse we passed just the other side of the creek, and has for years."

"Well, old fellow," I replied, "I don't know what your ideas of beauty have come to by this time, but I think she has the sweetest face I ever saw."

"That's putting it rather strong, Tom," rejoined Bob musingly, "but I think myself, you're not far wrong. She has the face of an angel, but who can tell what her heart may be like? All is not gold that glitters, my boy."



"Oh, bosh, Bob!" I replied banteringly, his lack of enthusiasm prompting me to cut him deeper than I should have done. "Don't be a cynic and brand the sex as false and fickle because you may have found one woman so. I would trust my life in that girl's keeping." It was a random shot, but went so straight to the mark that I was sorry almost before the words were spoken. A flush that I knew meant the keenest pain swept over Bob's face but was quickly and resolutely banished.

"Bob," I continued cautiously, "we used never to have secrets from one another, and I wish you would tell me why, with everything else a man needs to complete his happiness, you haven't chosen a wife from among the pretty girls so plenty hereabouts."

"Tom," said he quietly, giving my hand a warm clasp to show I had not offended him, "when you have loved and married I'll tell you all about it. You have no right to ask before. Remember what the Good Book says about 'the mote in thy brother's eye.'"

"Yes, old chap, but my case is different," I replied a little cheaply. "A fellow like me with his fortune to make, knocking about in the city—"

"Needs a wife all the more," put in Bob with a malicious twinkle in his eye; "and you couldn't have come to a better place to select one. This region has long been noted for its fast horses and beautiful women. I'll tell you what, old fellow," he added with a boisterous laugh, "take one of these pretty girls back to the city as your wife and she shall have the best span of trotters on my place as a wedding present." I was glad to hear the old-time ring in his laugh, even at my expense, and promised that if such an unlikely thing should happen I would surely hold him to his offer.

I had ever been a shy, awkward fellow in the presence of ladies. A man naturally takes to that in which he shines brightest, and I had allowed my love for athletics to exclude me in a great measure from society while at college. Since then I had been too busy to think

of wife or marriage. I couldn't afford it, and besides I was cut out for an old bachelor, I had told myself. Yet, somehow, I couldn't help recalling Bob's words when I sought my pillow that night, and if you will believe it, I dreamed of angels, and although they had wings, they did not fly—but rode bicycles.

A few days later as Bob and I smoked our after-dinner cigars on his wide porch, the stage stopped at the gate and the driver, lifting a neat safety from the boot, came trundling it up the walk. Bob turned quickly to me. I know I blushed like a schoolboy, and so did he for that matter, though I couldn't see why he should.

"You sly dog!" said he with a queer tremor in his voice. "But it's the very thing for you here," he added after a moment's pause. "The exercise will do you good and Miss Howard will make you a charming pacemaker."

"Nonsense!" said I testily. "Miss Howard has nothing to do with it. I sent for it because you won't let me ride horseback. Your roads and lanes are lovely at this season."

"So they are, so they are," assented Bob with a grim smile. "I wish I had one myself."

"Of course," said I with a cyclist's enthusiasm. "You shall learn to ride mine, and you will never do without a wheel when you have once tasted the sport. It beats horse-back riding out of sight."

\* \* \* \* \*

Bob was called away before day next morning and I breakfasted cosily with Aunt Kitty.

"You're getting well and strong altogether too fast," said she in her brisk chatty way as she poured the coffee and buttered my toast. "I shall miss you keenly enough, but it is on Bob's account that I shall be the sorriest to have you leave us. Your visit is doing him more good than it is you. You don't know how you have brightened him up. I wish you could stay all winter." There was none of the meddling gossip about Aunt Kitty, nor any hint in what she said that either she

or I should know anything of matters that concerned Bob alone.

I was off for a spin by seven o'clock, Aunt Kitty cautioning me as I started not to over-rate my strength. It was well that she did so. It was so inspiring, so like meeting an old friend to feel my good wheel under me once more, that I was soon oblivious to everything but the bright sunshine, the rich hues of the frost-painted landscape and that buoyant, skimming motion, so like that of the birds that flitted about in the tall treetops overhead.

I ran down and across the valley, up a smooth lane that led to pastures and woodland among the opposite hills, and coasted back to the main road again, in time, I hoped, to catch a glimpse of Miss Howard on her way to school. I longed to look on her sweet face again, and for an opportunity to make her acquaintance without waiting for Bob to introduce me. His calls, I noticed, were nearly all professional, and though we often caught sight of the little teacher flashing along some lane or by-way, never again had we met her face to face.

Fatigued by the unusual exertion I stopped among a cluster of maples, and, after scanning the road to make sure she was not near, leaned my wheel against a tree and threw myself upon the carpet of gold that the maples had spread beneath the fiery red of clustering sumachs. A pair of jays disputed in strident notes over my head, and a bevy of bees, mindful that winter was near at hand, buzzed industriously from blossom to blossom of the golden-rod and wild pea vine that still bloomed in the fence corners. I closed my eyes and listened dreamily to the busy little workers until a louder humming drowned theirs.

The whir of pneumatic tires on the smooth road sounded close at hand. Miss Howard had been doing the lanes that bright morning as well as myself, and whirled past before I could do more than raise my head and peer out between the sumachs.

Wholly unconscious of my presence, with her gaze fastened upon the wrang-

ling jays overhead, she swept past so close that I was conscious of a faint perfume not distilled by the blossoms about me. Her face was paler than before, yet rosy lips of exquisite curve, with deep brown eyes half hid by drooping lashes, and a wealth of hair in coils of burnished bronze made it radiantly beautiful. I looked into her eyes as into the windows of a soul all unconsciously thrown open to my vision, and saw there what drew me toward her as her beauty alone never could have done. I thought I saw it at our first meeting; now I was sure that whatever her life's history, some sorrow, mutely suffered, was tracing its cruel lines upon her fair face. Hardly knowing why I did so I mounted and followed at a distance.

Before reaching the schoolhouse the road pitched down a deep cut over a sharp hill, crossed a bridge over the bed of a creek, now dry, and up another hill. As the fair cyclist neared this point I heard a succession of tremendous "Ba-ahs," and saw a well-grown calf, with head and tail aloft, bounding along the strip of high ground near the fence and dragging after it some cumbersome object that bobbed and wobbled about at a fearful rate. It proved to be an old-fashioned "pung" to the tongue of which the calf was tied. The young lady had already started down the hill at a pace that would be hard for her to check, and, fearing a catastrophe, I doubled my speed.

It took away my breath to see her disappear over the hill just as the runners of the sled flew into the air, and the pung with the bellowing calf rolled over the bank into the narrow cut. I fairly flew along until I could see over the brow of the hill. Miss Howard was nowhere to be seen, but at the bottom of the cut the pung had landed wrong side up, with its tongue elevated high in the air, and from the end of which dangled the poor calf, thrashing out madly with its legs and bellowing dismally.

The sight, after my sudden sprint, was too much for me, I tumbled off

my wheel and lay laughing and gasping for breath, when I heard shouts and the barking of a dog coming across a field nearby. Soon a big bull dog bounced over the bank and made a dash for the calf. His master quickly followed, a burly young farmer built on the same lines as the dog.

I had recovered my breath and was on the point of releasing the strangling calf when my farmer friend put in an appearance.

Angered at having to leave his work and the mishap to the calf, my mirth made him furious.

"Get out, you brute!" he yelled with a vicious kick at the dog. Catching hold of the punga he gave it a throw that landed the calf on its feet once more, and then turned to me. "Haint you got nothin' to do but ride round on that contraption scarin' the life out of every critter you meet, you gol darn dude!" he bawled. My smile exasperated him still more.

"Hang your high toned impudence!" be added. "For two cents I'd come up there and put a head on you."

"Cheap enough!" I laughed tossing him a coin. "Come up and earn your money." I thought the fellow a country bully whose bluff I could easily put down, but he was as good as his word and came at me like a whirlwind. I trembled for the consequence of my temerity as I noted the knotted muscles of his bare arms. I had been the best boxer of my class at college, but doubted seriously if my strength would hold out until my skill might prevail over his brawny muscle.

He did not give me much time to consider, but struck out right and left like a trip-hammer. I ducked and dodged and parried until my knees were ready to give way under me, and he, maddened by the futility of his blows, made a tremendous swing, his fist whistling past my chin with such force that he was nearly thrown off his feet. It was just the opening I was watching for, and before he could recover I sent out my right with all the strength I could muster.

The blow landed squarely on his jaw

and sent him down in a heap, just as a feminine scream and furious barking called my attention toward the creek bridge.

"The dog! The dog! Call him off, please!" screamed a frightened voice as its owner heard my footsteps approaching.

"I pitched such a volley of stones at the dog that he quickly beat a howling retreat while I hurried down the bank, for the voice came from beneath the bridge.

"Oh, *don't!* Please don't come here!" pleaded the voice again as if more frightened by me than the dog.

"I—I—that awkward calf came tumbling down right in front of me, and —"

"Are you hurt?" I asked anxiously.

"Not at all," she replied with a dry laugh, "but awfully dismantled."

"Can't I help you in some way?" I entreated.

"I am afraid you will think me bold to ask such a thing of a stranger," she replied hesitatingly, "but if you *would* go back to the house on the hill and ask for a needle and thread, or some pins——"

"Here! Here!" I cried in ecstasy as I drew a little needle book, the handy-work of a pet sister, from my pocket and dropped it over the rail,—"Thanks to one of my bachelor habits, I think you will find what you need in this."

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed with delight. Then after a moment's silence broken only by the rustle of skirts, Miss Howard blushing trundled her wheel from under the bridge.

I sprang down to help her up to the road. "You are sure you're not hurt?" I asked again.

"Not a bit," she replied laughingly, "but I tore my dress on the sled.

"That's too bad; I'm very sorry." I said lyingly, for I was never half so glad of anything in my life. It was evident she had not seen me following her and that I was in no way to blame for the accident. For obvious reasons I cut short her thanks and hurried to ask if I might assist her to mount, when

she happened to glance back at the scene of the catastrophe and saw my antagonist lying where I had knocked him.

"Oh dear!" she cried, dropping her wheel and darting up the road.— "Mr. Brown is hurt! That dreadful calf must have kicked him!"

"Sure enough!" I assented, gladly lying again to shift the blame upon the luckless brute.

She had the big, rough fellow's head in her lap in a twinkling, chafing his temples and coaxing him to open his eyes, while I ran to the farm house for water, all in a flutter of excitement.— I had marveled a good deal how the young lady had escaped the collision, and more still how she could have sprinted up that hill and out of sight so quickly. From her hiding place she must surely have heard Mr. Brown's loud words, but no doubt, considered them but a natural accompaniment to his exertions in behalf of the struggling animal. I was delighted at the turn things had taken, all but Mr. Brown; I was really alarmed about him, for although he had been unconscious but a few moments, the time seemed very much longer to me.

I was relieved to find him staring vacantly about when I returned with the water, a dash of which revived him greatly.

"Dear me!" suddenly exclaimed Miss Howard consulting her watch. "It's past school time!"

Sorry to part with her, yet glad to have her out of the way before our patient began to talk, I assured her that her presence was no longer needed; that I was quite used to caring for such cases,—a truth that contrasted vividly with the lies I had just told,—and that I would have Mr. Brown on his feet in no time.

"Very well," said she, "if you are sure you can manage alone, I must hurry on. I hope he isn't badly hurt, and let me thank you again for your kindness and this," handing me the needle case with a smile. "Not every gentleman goes so well equipped for accidents like mine."

"Better keep it," I ventured. "You may wish to make further repairs when you reach the school-house. I will call for it if you will permit me. Since we are both cyclists and have met in this awkward way, I hope you will waive the conventional. My name is Blake, Miss Howard," I continued, handing her my card. "I am staying with my old chum, Dr. Larkin. In fact I am a patient of his just now."

"Indeed!" said she with a quick, almost startled glance of intelligence. "I am pleased to make the acquaintance of Dr. Larkin's old friend. His friendship is sufficient guarantee of your respectability if your looks and manner were not. And besides," she added, frankly extending her hand, and in a tone that thrilled me, "a man who loves his sister cannot be very bad."

I saw her meaning instantly. Her quick eye had caught the words "From Flossie to brother Tom" stitched in dainty silk inside the little packet my baby sister had spent so much loving labor upon, and her woman's wit had divined from the pretty and precise arrangement of everything inside, that I carried the book more out of love for the giver than because I made much practical use of its contents. She completed my happiness by retaining the keepsake, saying that I should find a ready welcome whenever I chose to call at her uncle's and that she would return the book when I did so.

She left me in the humor to forgive my worst enemy, and kneeling over my late antagonist I raised him to a sitting posture, bathed his head with the cool water and asked him how he felt. I have experienced the after-effects of a knock-out blow myself, and asked only out of compassion.

"Better, lots better," he replied, weakly essaying to rise. "Blast that calf, anyway!" he added, rubbing his jaw, and then as past events dawned upon him more clearly, "Oh, yes! I remember now. My eye! But that was a clean one. I'd give a tender any day to see another feller put out like



that. Why, you don't look like you could fight a ten-year-old boy!"

"It was only a chance blow," I said consolingly. "I couldn't do it again. I've been sick and am not strong."

"Sick?" said Mr. Brown with evident incredulity. "Well I don't want to run up agin' you when you git well, then," and he fell to measuring me with his eye again. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Blake," said I, "and I'm happy to know you, Mr. Brown."

"Here's my hand on that!" he responded warmly, extending a big paw. "I called you a dude, and I beg your pardon for it. You're a gentleman and I'll lick any feller that says you ain't. Hang it all, you *are* sick. You're as pale as a ghost, and I deserve all I got fer pitchin' into you like I did. "But say!" he asked suddenly with a look up and down the road, "Wa'n't ther a woman here when I come to?"

"Oh yes," I replied mischievously; "Miss Howard; she held your head in her lap while I went after the water."

"The schoolmarm? Shoo! You don't say!" he stammered, blushing so vividly as to show the crimson through all his tan. He was on his feet now and tugging at the pung to hide his embarrassment. I helped him roll it out of the road, and pushed my wheel by his side as he led the calf up the hill. Our meeting was rather stormy, but Mr. Brown and I parted the best of friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

I brought a prodigious appetite home with me to luncheon, and delighted Aunt Kitty with the witty spark of my conversation. Bob, the knowing rascal, only smiled maliciously at my sallies, but he made the woods ring with laughter when I told him later in the day of my encounter with Mr. Brown.

I had never realized, until I parted with it, what an indispensable adjunct to a gentleman's toilet that little needle case was. I called for it the next morning, early enough to smoke a morning cigar with the brusque, but

jolly old Colonel before riding as far as the school-house with his niece, on my way to "post some letters" at the little store and post-office just beyond. I had'n't written a letter since I arrived, and Bob brought my mail every day, but when a fellow is in love and needs an excuse, or fancies he does, he must have one even if he has to invent it. From that on we enjoyed many delightful little runs together. I became a frequent caller at Col. Howard's and developed a remarkable and sudden interest in the cause of education. I envied them the love Miss Howard lavished upon her little flock, and sought to win her regard and theirs by plying them with sweetmeats from the neighboring store. With the Colonel I soon established cordial relations, while, on my part, the acquaintance with his pretty niece had ripened into something far too sweet for the name of friendship.

Miss Howard met me from the first in a manner almost sisterly in its open frankness. I seemed like an old friend, she said, she had heard Dr. Larkin speak of me so often. This charmed me at first, but as love kindled and grew in my heart I began to chafe under it. I found it difficult to make love to a girl who treated me so like a brother that I often doubted if the idea of my being a lover ever entered her mind. Many times I pondered with mingled hopes and fears upon her words "a man who loves his sister cannot be very bad"; almost her first words to me; words that spoke of love; the love of brother and sister. Still there were times when a tender light in her eyes set my pulses dancing wildly.

Riding along a wooden lane one afternoon, where our wheels threw up the dead leaves in showers of crimson and gold, Bob met us and stopped to chat awhile. I thought my companion seemed ill at ease at first, but as Bob rattled on she became gayer and lighter hearted than I had ever seen her. She was always a merry companion but I could not remember when I had spent an hour in her company



with out being conscious of a tinge of sadness in her manner.

"Don't lead my friend Blake too lively a pace, Miss Howard!" gravely cautioned Bob at parting. "He is my patient, remember, and I shall hold you accountable for any harm that may come to him while in your charge. He's not at all strong yet."

She flushed deeply, but Bob was gone before she could frame a reply. I thought her restraint meant fear that Bob might resent my spending so much time in her society, and her gaiety the relief she felt on being assured by his manner that he did not disapprove of intimacy. I had noticed all along that she seldom spoke of Bob, and never of his affairs; yet whenever I happened to do so she was always an eager listener. Nothing gave her more delight than my recital of our boyhood and college exploits together, and I remember keenly that it was when I had told her of a pitched battle—our school against a crowd of town boys—in which Bob particularly distinguished himself, that I first saw the harbinger of love in her eyes. There is no finer expression of one's regard for another than to manifest an interest in his friendships, and it delighted me to have her share my brotherly affection for Bob.

As time wore on we saw more and more of one another, I to fall deeper in love at every meeting, and she? Ah! I would have given the world to know that I had kindled in her heart an answer to the wild passion that beat in mine. I longed to declare my love, but feared to hazard the companionship that had become so dear to me. "Not yet!" I kept saying to myself. "She won't keep me at arm's length much longer." But try as I might I could make no impression upon that armor of sisterly regard that so effectually turned aside the darts from my cupids bow. Time and again I mounted my wheel to meet her for our almost daily spin, firm in the resolve to know my fate before we parted. But before her merry, comrade-like greeting and the frank glance

of her pleasure-lit eyes my resolution faded like snow before the breath of spring, and I invariably gave myself up to the bliss of the fleeting hours, happy as a lark while in her presence.

Bob noticed my changeable moods and chaffed me unmercifully, but when my infatuation had gone so far that I made no pretense of hiding it from him, he became grave and silent.

One afternoon, in my own interests entirely, I spoke to Miss Howard of Bob and the lonely life he led. She was strangely silent, neither affirming or disputing my suggestion that he would be much happier with a wife to love and care for. Unconsciously I told her more about my old chum and our mutual confidences than I had ever done before. At parting that evening she let me take both her hands, and with eyes so full of lovelight that I could scarcely keep from folding her to my heart. But something, perhaps the tinge of sadness that seemed to color all her happiness, told me it would be better not to speak just yet. I held her hands as long as she would allow me, and bidding her good night, raced home in a heaven of delight.—Even Aunt Kitty noticed my hilarious joy, and after I had retired Bob tapped at my door, came in silently and seated himself on the side of my bed in his old, familiar way.

"Don't!" he said huskily when I reached to strike a light. "I've something painful to say, Tom, and would rather talk in the dark. You know who it concerns. Don't take offense, old fellow; I hate to do it, but as you value your future happiness don't lose your heart to Miss Howard." His words were thick, almost incoherent, and prompted, I knew, only by his love for me, and that trait of character, inherited from Puritan ancestry, that would not allow him to shirk a duty no matter how irksome.

"Why do you warn me of her?" I asked when I had recovered from the shock. Bob groaned.

"Because I know her better than you do, Tom. She will win your love with her angel face and innocent ways,

only to toss it away as she would her last summer's hat. She's as false as she is beautiful."

"She is not!" I replied hotly. "I won't allow anyone, not even you, Bob, to speak of her like that. It's only your morbid fancy that pictures her in such a light. She is the soul of truth, and honor, and everything that's pure and womanly; I'll stake my life on it!" Bob groaned again. "You're mistaken, old fellow," I continued in calmer tones, "and besides, your warning comes too late."

"Just as I feared," sighed Bob. "I should have spoken before. I tried to laugh you out of it, but it was no use, and I hated to meddle."

"Then don't," I returned unfeelingly. "I love her and shall trust her in spite of all you or anyone else can say."

"Don't Tom, don't!" pleaded Bob in a choked voice. "You don't know what you're saying. *Must* I tell you all? I hoped our old love would spare me that, but rather than see your life wrecked as mine has been I would willingly have bared the old wound to you."

"What, Bob!" I gasped, seizing his hand, "Was *she* your sweetheart?"

"Yes," he groaned, and no man ever loved or trusted a woman more. She returned my love, or professed to, and promised to be my wife. But she was false, and after blasting my life, went on flirting worse than before."

The revelation struck me dumb. I could not even respond when Bob, after a long silence, gave my hand a parting pressure and turned away. At the door he stopped and came back to my side again.

"Don't feel hard toward me, old fellow, nor think I have personal motives in this matter. She is as utterly lost to me as if a thousand worlds separated us. If I thought she loved you I would cut my tongue out rather than say a word that might mar your happiness or hers."

"Forgive my cruel words, Bob," I implored. "Aside from our old friendship, I could not doubt your motives

when I see what it costs you to tell me this. But it seems so impossible; so contrary to everything in her looks and bearing that you must be mistaken, somehow, Bob. Her every word and action belies your judgment."

"The highest art is most like nature, in coquetry and everything else, Tom, as you will find to your sorrow if you fail to heed my warning."

"But I can't believe it; I can't, Bob! I must feel the blow from her own hand before I can believe her either false or cruel. Do not think that I fail to appreciate the brother's love you've shown me to-night, old fellow. Whatever my fate, you need take no blame to yourself; but I can't stop now. I must go on to the end whether it brings me happiness or misery."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was several days before I dared trust myself to Miss Howard's presence and she was quick to detect something amiss in my manner when I presented myself the following Saturday for the afternoon ride we had planned at the beginning of the week.

"You have been ill; your face shows it," she insisted in spite of my assertions to the contrary, I was soon speeding by her side along the shady lanes, almost forgetful of Bob's words in my happiness.

"You must not get sick again;" said she with that sisterly solicitude she had always evinced toward me. "and yet," she added with a bright smile, "I am afraid I shall be sorry when you are well."

"Why?" I asked quickly, "Shall you miss me when I'm gone?"

"Yes," she answered frankly. "I shall miss you very much. She must have seen something in my face that startled her, for she quickly threw the conversation into other channels, and only by persistent adroitness could I bring it back to personal topics again. But I had determined either to prove or disprove Bob's assertions and seal my own happiness or misery during that ride.

We had reached our destination, a

wooded hollow where a great spring gushed from a rocky wall overgrown with moss and ferns. Refreshed by a drink from the spring, my companion seated herself upon a boulder to arrange the ferns and bright hued leaves that I clambered among the rocks to gather. She had thrown aside her hat, and I reclined against the rock by her side, watched her deft fingers as they fashioned wreaths and garlands from the supply with which I had filled her lap. The ride had brightened eyes and cheeks, touching up her beauty as no lady's maid with pencil and rouge pot could have done.

"Let me crown you queen of Autumn!" said I as I caught up a wreath of gold and brown that she had finished, and placed it on her bended head. She looked up with a pleased smile.

"Do you think it pretty?" she asked.

"Lovely," I replied, "but not half so much so as its wearer."

It was the first out-and-out compliment, I think, I had ever paid her; for the vanity that commonly invites such expressions of admiration was wholly lacking in her nature. She tried hard to seem not to notice it, but I saw the flush deepen in her cheek as she replaced the wreath with her hat.

"Is'nt it time we started back?" she asked.

"No, Miss Howard," I said tremblingly as my hands sought hers. "Not till I have told you what you must have seen has been in my heart so long." Her eyes, full of pain and alarm, looked quickly up into mine. "No, do not try to stop me?" I went on, putting aside her gesture of entreaty.

"No matter what your answer, I must tell you how I love you; how your face follows me through the day and hovers over me like a guardian angel in my dreams. The hours that I have spent with you have been the happiest of my life. You have tried hard to hide it from me, and from yourself, I think, but tell me, Miss Howard, Nellie; you do love me just a little, don't you darling?"

I drew her toward me. She did not resist, but for answer only sobbed upon my shoulder as if her heart would break. I feared my hopes were shattered, yet I pressed her to me none the less tenderly. She was sobbing out the pain I had seen in her eyes so often, and I found comfort in the thought that I might be able to comfort her. Silently I held her while the tears fell like lead upon my heart, and when the flood had spent itself, and one little hand sought with tear-blinded eyes that undiscoverable recess—a woman's pocket—I anticipated the movement and dried her eyes with my own handkerchief.

"Forgive me, Nellie!" I said dejectedly. "I did not mean to make you unhappy."

"You have not done so, Mr. Blake," she replied, a sad little smile shining through her tears, "except in the thought of the unhappiness I have caused you. It is I who should ask forgiveness for the selfish pleasure I have found in your society, and which has blinded me to the wrong I might be doing you. I can see now how culpable my conduct has been, but believe me, I never meant to cause you a moment's pain. You cannot understand how I feel toward you."

"But you love me!" I interposed. "I've seen it your eyes."

"Mr. Blake, Tom!" she said imploringly, laying a hand on each of my shoulders and looking me full in the eyes. "Haven't you guessed my secret?"

For a moment we gazed, each into the soul of the other, and the truth, or part of it, suddenly dawned upon me. My knees trembled, and the blood that I felt leave my face I saw leap into that of my companion. "Nellie, did you love Bob?" I gasped.

Her eyes dropped, and throwing her arms around my neck she hid her face on my shoulder.

"Yes," she answered, "and love him still. I thought you must have known it all along. It was love for him that you saw in my eyes. Humiliating as it is for me to own it, you de-

serve any explanation that I can make, and rather than you should think me heartless and a flirt, I will open my heart to you as none but God has ever seen it."

What a fool I had been. Her sisterly manner and the lighting up of her face whenever we talked of Bob. If my own love had not blinded me I might have seen it from the first. Yet a gleam, not quite of happiness, shone through the gloom into which her words plunged me and I begged her to go on.

"Yes," she continued, "we had loved each other for years. I say *we*, for I believe his love was as deep and sincere as mine. When he asked me to be his wife I consented on condition that he would hear something that I felt I ought to tell him before he spoke to my uncle: I wanted to tell him then, but he laughed at the idea that anything I might reveal could alter his choice, but promised to call the next evening, hear what I had to say and ask my uncle's consent.

What I meant to tell him was of a brother, and a brother's disgrace. You start; I do not blame you. No one here knows of his existence, yet I have nothing but love and compassion for poor Ned. Impulsive and generous, his worst fault was that he was too easily led. Uncle had secured him a good position in the city where we then lived, and all went well until, in an evil hour a false friend induced him to use his employer's funds in speculations that promised quick and seductive returns. It was the old story. Exposure followed the loss of the money, and Ned, lacking the moral courage to face his uncle's wrath more than the penalty of his indiscretion, fled the country.

Uncle made good the loss, but though he induced the firm not to prosecute him, he was very bitter against poor Ned; forbidding me ever to see him or mention his name in his presence. We came to this neighborhood shortly after that, and though Ned and I had been all in all to one another, for two long years after he bid me a

hurried good bye with tears of swift repentance in his eyes, I heard nothing from him.

It was this that I had to tell Bob.— I looked for him until dusk on the evening appointed, and thinking some urgent call had detained him, strolled down the lane to meet him. Passing the lower end of the garden, a man stepped suddenly out of the shadows and called my name. I knew him instantly. In a moment he had helped me over the fence and I was in Ned's arms, listening to the story of his struggles to redeem the good name of our family. He had been in the far west, had assumed a new name, and after many failures and disappointments, secured profitable employment. His one ambition was to repay the five thousand dollars his folly had cost my uncle. He had saved one thousand, and as soon as he could make up the whole amount, with interest, he was coming home to beg uncle's pardon and start anew in the world. He had but a brief hour to spend with me and we shed many happy tears at parting.

My life seemed all brightness then as I waited for Bob's coming that night. I longed to tell him all, and hadn't a doubt that he would forgive my secret and Ned's wrong, but he never came. How it happened I do not know, yet he must have heard of Ned's disgrace; I can think of no other reason.

From that day he has treated me, whenever we have happened to meet, with a frigid courtesy that repels any inquiry or explanation that I might otherwise have made. It roused my pride at first, and in hopes of bringing him back to me—I blush to own it—but I flirted shamefully with others for awhile. He *did* love me, I know, but with that inborn Puritan sternness he has driven me out of his heart; out of his life forever. You understand and will forgive me now, will you not?" she asked tearfully.

"Yes, with all my heart," I replied, tenderly pressing a brotherly kiss on her brow. I longed to tell her more but feared I might defeat my own good intentions. What a tumult of emotions



had raged within me as I listened.— Love and sorrow for her, and anger at my old comrade for the cruel injustice of his treatment. My resentment, however, did not last. I knew Bob too well. It was all some horrible mistake that had made him suffer equally with her, and in my hopes of their happiness I was almost happy myself. She must have wondered at my gaiety as we rode home, and when I said good night and in pure self defense caught her in my arms again lest she look in my eyes and see too much there, she returned my caress as a loving sister might have done.

"You've been so like a brother to me," she said.

"Let me be one, Nellie, and share Ned's place in your heart," I asked.

"You shall, Tom, always!" she replied, and watched me mount and ride away with wondering tears in her eyes.

Bob knew where I'd been, and my wild, buoyant spirits were all to apparent when I bounced into his study.

"Yes, I've proposed!" I said in answer to the question in his eyes, "and you've made an awful mistake in judging Miss Howard." Bob's lips curled scornfully. "She is just the angel she looks," I went on, "and as far from being either false or fickle as day is from night."

"Stop, Tom, stop!" said Bob. "You are mad! infatuated! She has charmed away your very senses. Wait till I tell you, old boy. It may not be too late yet, and I would never do it if I were not sure she is deceiving you as she did me. The very night I went there to ask her uncle for her hand I found her in clandestine meeting with another man; saw her in his arms and heard her vows of eternal love and fidelity to him. Now do you believe me?"

I laughed a wild, unnatural laugh that frightened Bob. He was beginning to think me crazy. "That was her brother!" I replied when I could speak again.

"Her brother!" he gasped wildly;

"I never knew she had a brother!"

I hope never again to see a friend suffer what Bob did while I told him Ned's story.

"My God, Tom! What a blind fool I've been. That's why she's been teaching against her uncle's wishes, and saving her wages; to help that brother out. I happen to know that that she's got every cent she ever earned in the Clifton bank to-day."

It was all he could say for a while, then shaking himself together he stretched out a trembling hand.

"It's better as it is, old boy. You are worthy of her; I never was. I congratulate you with all my heart."

Another hollow laugh from me.

"What! You don't mean to say she refused you?"

"Yes, she refused me, Bob, because—she loves you."

Bob fell back in his chair and clapped a hand to his brow.

"You must have been blind not to see it," I continued. "She has loved you and been true to you all these years."

I thought Bob was going crazy then but he quieted down suddenly and grasped my hands.

"I've been a brute to her, Tom," he said huskily, "and now I'm a bigger one to you, rejoicing like this in happiness that you've bought with your own misery."

"No, no; don't say that, old fellow," I rejoined lightly. "I'll get over it, but natures like yours and hers love but once and forever. Go and beg her forgiveness, and God bless you both. Don't waste any time waiting for a horse, but take my wheel and ride like the wind."

\* \* \* \* \*

They were married at Christmas. I was best man, and brother Ned stood by the Colonel's side while he gave away the bride. My wedding present to Bob was a bicycle, of course, and although I am still a bachelor I drive as fine a pair of bays as the blue-grass region ever produced.



## A LESSON FOR TWO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRAU LIPPO LIPPI AND TALES OF KING ARTHUR.

PEOPLE were rather surprised when the engagement of Maude Richards and Emery Willis was announced. Her friends and particularly her relatives had expected her to fall in love with a different man, to make a more brilliant match, from a worldly point of view. Not that there was anything in the least objectionable about Emery, that is—nothing that could be very definitely explained. It was something, rather, to be felt.

It seemed so strange that Maude should even fancy a man whose very presence proclaimed ideas—not that ideas in the abstract were not commendable, nay, even necessary—but specific, aggressive ideas were, to put it mildly, uncomfortable for the average person, and not ornamental to the usual drawing-room. Though Emery was the most unobtrusive person in the world, and a readier listener than talker, it would be all the more difficult to say just why he impressed people as a man of strong personality, and with a hobby though seldom ridden, yet well groomed and stabled and ready to mount whenever the occasion demanded.

On the other hand, Emery's friends felt unmistakably disappointed by his choice, though why anyone should find objection to Maude would be equally troublesome to explain. She was pretty, graceful, well-bred, and as the expression goes, accomplished.

Perhaps it was a certain lack of ideas—though why anyone should accuse her of any mental incapacity or even originality, would be as puzzling a question as the one already given as to Emery's difference from the ordinary young man. Still, probably there was never an engagement announced but someone wondered what there was about either that the other should find to love, so this was no exception to

the general rule. And as usual, the two who were the most concerned were mutually satisfied, and very happy.

When Emery first saw Maude she was waltzing with one of his classmates, one Harvard class day. Heretofore, dancing had never appealed to him. Now he wondered at his stupidity, and resolved to learn to dance that very summer. Fortunately he could walk through a quadrille, so he managed to be presented to Miss Richards, and had the felicity of guiding her through the lancers.

Every one knows what happens at Harvard commencements. They went the usual round of spreads, and walked under the lantern-lit trees that night, and danced a little more, and ended by falling in love. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say they began by falling in love.

It never entered either of their minds that anyone could have misgivings as to their future, or wonder why they should love each other.

Maude, to be sure, had had her little fling at flirtation, had wounded a few hearts, but had come out of each encounter with perhaps not more than a scratch herself. While Emery was not very experienced in gallantries, and his education was more decidedly from books, rather than woman's looks. He knew less about Eros than any of the other gods of Olympus—until now he had doubted the existence of that magic girdle of Aphrodite, but who indeed, not loved of that goddess, could have every attribute of grace, beauty and fascination!

When Maude smiled his whole world reflected the radiance of her lips and eyes. When she sang, his soul was melted by the sweetness of her voice—he would have fought the man who dared insinuate that it lacked sym-

pathy. When she spoke, her wit made him pause entranced. He had never imagined anything but his beloved science, medicine, could interest him so much. The pity of it—healing art presided over by a god instead of a goddess! What were the Greeks thinking about.

So Maude and Emery were engaged and two years went by. He was graduated from the Medical School, and settled in a small manufacturing town just outside Boston.

The lovers had not seen very much of each other, though the engagement had been an unusually long one. Both summers Emory joined the Richards' at some fashionable resort where Maude's engagements were so many that his soul was torn and tormented and tantalized by the few hours in the week that they could really call their own. Then the blessed thought would come to him, that sometime she would really be his wife, and visions of happy, quiet evenings by his own fire-side would come to be his inspiration during the dreary months of waiting that were before him.

That next Christmas he spent at her home; in the spring time she visited an aunt in Boston, then in that month of months, that month of flowers and brides, June, they were married.

During that summer, it was impossible for Emery to devote any of his time to his practice, for Maude had always spent at least two months by the sea, another at Lenox, and Emery had not the heart to ask her to stay during the hot stifling days, in the town they had made their home, and he loved her too well to be separated from her.

She persuaded him that he needed the change and rest from study and work, so he devotedly followed her about from place to place, thinking of the delightful home coming in the fall.

"Now, dearest," he said one day in late October, "we can really settle down to home life. Think how happy I shall be to really come home to my wife and my own fire-side, after the weary round of sick people. You will

sing to me—or we will read together—or we will just sit by the open fire and build castles, and dream dreams, my beautiful sweetheart!" and her kissed her.

She murmured something unintelligible, and looked out the window.

Someway, after the first month the domestic machinery got out of order. The cook was impudent and the second girl would not live out of a city.

Maude did not wonder much at the girl's dissatisfaction. It *was* utterly tiresome there—so different from her own home. She sighed for New York. She wondered what anyone of her friends would do in such a stupid place. It was very gay at home that winter, they wrote.

Then she went away for a little visit, and came home to her husband bright and bewitching as ever. Emery could even smile now at his own misgivings.

"Dear little Maude," he thought, "I suppose I *am* a dull sort of fellow for such a dainty creature."

And the months went on until spring was nearly there.

"I think we might go in to see Bernhardt to-night," Maude said at lunch one day.

Emery frowned.

"But, Maude, you know how much I would like to take you dear, but that case of pneumonia needs all my care—it might mean death to the man if I should leave him."

"It's always pneumonia, or fever or *something*—you can never go anywhere with me!" she said pettishly.

"Do be reasonable, Maude! Have you no heart!" Emery spoke more sternly than he ever had before.

This was a signal for tears and Maude left the table. It was not the first time, and like all husbands, Emery began to grow indifferent to his bride's weeping. At first it used to melt his heart and make him as soft as a woman. Yet after all it is not so tragic to the wife as it first seems when her tears cease to move her husband.

Maude began to be jealous of Emery's profession, and fancy he loved

her less, for but a few short months ago, nothing would keep him from her side. She took less trouble to be agreeable, and began to mope. He attended more closely to his work, and when he had no calls to make during the evenings, shut himself up in his study and wrote.

The piano was not opened often now-a-days. Maude read by herself, curled up in some great chair, or sat sighing or crying for the dear old girlhood days. Ah! the pity that sometimes marriage is such a strain upon the affections, especially when doubt comes creeping in.

Not that Emery was the less tender, not less ready to make her happy, but his profession necessarily absorbed him more and more, and very often when he did have an hour at home, there was something "a-gley" somewhere. Maude had not been married long enough to find that it is a wife's business to be philosophic. It seemed a long time since courtship days, when Emory vowed that life would be dark and desolate, an unbearable thing without her, and begged her to be his. Then the weeks seemed to be wholly made up of tender words, adoring glances, and caresses. Both had found their idols had clay feet, or perhaps it would be fairer to say that both found that their former life and tastes had in a measure, unfitted them for life together; so unsuited to each other, neither knew how to overcome the obstacles.

Emery's advances were often repulsed or unresponded to, though while he was absent, Maude would grieve over what she fancied was his lost love. Poor, unhappy little wife. She had no resources of her own, and not the practical common sense to see the folly, the tragedy of her attitude.

Summer came, and she began to pine for the sea. Emery too, was tired and care worn. They made preparations to go away for August—even the trunks were packed, when Emery came in saying they must wait. Fever had broken out among the factory

hands, and if it were not checked there would be an epidemic.

In a wearied tone of patience she said she supposed she could stay no matter if it did make *her* ill. Then she thought of her girlhood summers, the yachting, the coaching, the dancing and all the gay times of old. Of all she had given up that made life pleasant to her, to settle down in a cotton manufacturing town, where there was no society—that is what to her was society, no opera, no theater, no cottillions—no nothing—unless people called five o'clock tea, something. Then she went up stairs to weep—and they were bitter tears, too.

If only Emery loved her as much as he used—when he was wretched if away from her side—but that was a very long time ago.

Emery took his medicine case, and with a weary, hopeless look, went out again to visit the sick. Where was the sympathy, the love, the restfulness, the charm of home, the wife of his dreams! Whose fault was it?—As he drove about from house to house, he thought of the days, only two years ago, when he first met Maude. Of her beauty, her vivacity, her fascinations, her charm of manner. He thought of only a year ago, when she was his bride, of all his ambitions, and fond ideals. How he had vowed to love, honor . . . to be good, to be always tender to the beautiful girl who had given up her home for him, and who too had loved him well enough to leave all else, and cleave to him. . . He had thought his one object in life would be to make her happy . . . and he knew at that very moment she was sobbing at home as if her heart was breaking. . . The tears came to his eyes. . . He wondered how he could ever feel cross and impatient with the woman who had forsaken all, who had given up so much for him. His heart softened as he thought of the trials the poor girl had here among people so unlike her own friends, of her housekeeping cares, of the little perplexities of life, and most of all, the many things which had made up her life—the very things

which had moulded her into the sort of woman different than any he had ever met, and for which reason he loved her more than any other. If he had no taste for the frivolities of life, was it to his credit that he found that little town congenial? Why should he expect marriage to so change Maude—he had his profession, she had nothing but lonely hours, day after day.

Poor child, he ought to have thought of it before. It was cruel to leave her by herself so much. To be sure, she did not care much about driving about with him, for sometimes his calls were tiresomely long. At least when he came home he could have kissed away her perplexities, instead of being perplexed by them himself. What if he had dreamed of something different.

His heart smote him that night when he saw how pale and listless she seemed, and he said she must go away, she needed the tonic of the sea air—never mind about him, he would get through the summer someway—perhaps he could go down to see her some Sundays, then afterwards he could come for a week.

Maude brightened wonderfully, and they had an old fashioned evening together. Emery took courage for the future, and wisely concluded that when people were married, they remained about as they had been before; there was not very much change in spite of fond ideals as to what would be—and if people found imperfection charming before marriage, it ought to be just as entertaining after—at least a man ought to have the grace to find his wife as bewilderingly fascinating as when they were engaged.

The summer wore on, and Emory did not find much time to rest. There was not only more sickness than usual, but there were the causes of sickness to be investigated and removed.

Bad water, worse drainage, and unwholesome food—and yet in spite of all his labors, he did not feel that he had accomplished much for the town's good. It was not encouraging to work alone. Another summer would bring a pestilence that might bring about re-

formatory results that prophesying would never achieve.

So it was impossible for him to leave home, and when he did go to spend a day with Maude, it was little that he saw of her, for she had entered heart and soul into her old life, and everyday was filled with its round of engagements.

Emery was glad to see her looking so well, but he was not pleased to see some of her old adorers so devoted to her. He had very old-fashioned ideas about what a married woman's behavior should be, particularly if that woman be his wife.

Maude came home that fall, bright and happy—but Emery always had some tiresome *case* on hand, she hated sick people—and she soon grew listless and discontented. In the winter she begged him to take a little journey to the South—he certainly needed the rest—all her friends had gone to Florida, or somewhere, and in her condition she needed a change.

Emery sadly shook his head. The influenza had again appeared, and there was too many cases of pneumonia for him to leave.

"No matter wheiher I live or die," she cried, "if some old factory workman is sick—and they never pay their bills"—but she stopped, frightened into silence by the look her husband gave her.

When the baby came, Emery hoped that perhaps someway, they could take up life where they somewhere dropped it.

But Maude did not get strong after her sickness, the baby's crying made her nervous, and she was not used to babies, anyway. When she wanted to go anywhere, the baby was sure to have the croup or colic—not but that she loved him dearly, and grieved for him very genuinely when he died.

The next winter she did go South for her health. People said, "What a beautiful wife Dr. Willis has—strange how such a brilliant girl should have fancied such a grave man who doesn't care anything for society, and settled in that little town of Boston—



rather hard on Maude to be buried with him."

Only a few people said, "Poor Dr. Willis. If he only had a different wife."

Emery went back to his patients and his profession. January and February dragged away. The months were bleaker to him than any he had ever known. While he went his daily round—a round which only a physician can understand, Maude was dreaming away the morning on some hotel piazza, or driving in the afternoon, or dancing in the warm winter nights.

Of course she thought of her husband and home, for she loved them both, but was not dependent upon either for her happiness. She was surrounded by friends and the admirers the average pretty married woman has in her train.

Soon her delightful winter would be over and she would have to go back to Millbridge. Emery was to meet her at Richmond, where he was to take a few days of much needed rest.

Maud was shocked to see how pale and worn he looked, and was unusually tender to him. A great load seemed lifted from his soul. His wife was well and happy and loving. If only they could begin their home life over again. But somehow the next day was not so happy—he could never get used to his wife's accepting so much attention from other men.

After the brief vacation was over Emery started homeward alone, for Maud had decided that the late New England spring would prostrate her so she was to spend May in Washington.

Of course the height of the season was over, but in many ways Maud enjoyed a good deal of hospitality, and quiet gaities.

One evening after a delightful reception she found a telegram waiting for her at her room. It was from the old physician at home telling her that her husband had met with an accident that required her immediate presence. She well understood from the words that it was a question of life and death with Emery.

Her husband! Her husband! The words repeated themselves again and again in her ear. Emery! wounded, mangled, unconscious, dying—perhaps he would never know her again!

Ah! ah! his goodness, his patience, his tenderness, his unselfishness swept over her. Her own indifference and neglect burned into her soul.

She knew now how dreary had been his winter, and her heart cried out in its agony of remorse. She knew, ah! too well, how disappointing had been their few years of married life. She remembered, too well, the many, many little plans Emery had made about their home life. And what had she done to help him.

In that long day and nights journey she lived long long years in experience. They were weary years too. What use to go over them. If her husband could be spared to her, with his help she would indeed be a wife to him. The past was agonizing—tragic.

She found him more ill than she had even dreamed, suffering greater pain than it seemed possible for one to bear. Yet how handsome, how heroic he was, when he looked up into her eyes and smiled a loving welcome, and murmured her name.

She longed to throw herself into his arms and weep her heart away, telling him her penitence, and begging his forgiveness, but she only sank down by the bed-side and kissed him. It was wonderful control in one so undisciplined. Even though so weakened by the hours of anxiety, and loss of sleep, by the bitter remorse, yet she even did not weep, but tenderly stroked back his brown hair, and gently smiled.

In the weeks of suffering and watching that followed, they grew to understand each other, to know each other as it would have been impossible under different circumstances.

They grew to love each other as they never had, even in courtship days.

What did it matter after that, about conditions or surroundings. Their home was enough. Maude never sighed for the flesh-pots of a more fashionable existence—neither was it denied her.

## WOMAN'S BROADER LIFE

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BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

OF the many interesting events of the month just past one of the more important was the meeting of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union in London. It came close to embodying Tennyson's famous lines "In the parliament of Nations, the federation of the World." The American branch of this organization, which is best known as the W. C. T. U., has long been a great feature of social life. It is organized in every state and in almost every town and city of the individual commonwealth. It has its affiliated organization in Canada and small circles in other communities of the western continent. The English branch is an outgrowth of the British Woman's Temperance Association. This is, if possible, larger than its transatlantic colleague. It has branches in every part of the United Kingdom, in Australia, South Africa and even in the far off isles of the South Seas. The meeting or session was therefore representative in the highest degree. It brought together for the first time upon a large scale representatives from every division of the English speaking peoples. These now number nearly one hundred and fifty million and are the most numerous and widely distributed race that

the world has ever yet seen. It seems strange that the first step made toward the consolidation of all these peoples into one should be first effected by devout and philanthropic women. Heretofore the only approach to consolidation has been accomplished by the sword. In the present case it has been achieved by prayer and the desire to do good. The convention was a success in every respect. It must have brought together at least thirty thousand people from all over the world. It made a profound impression upon the good people of the city of London and it formed the occasion for displaying the rare talent of a large number of women, English and American, of whom Miss Frances E. Willard and Lady Isabel Somerset were the recognized leaders. The oratory was excellent, the administration faultless and the tone of both the speeches and the audiences was praiseworthy.

† † †

It is a noticeable fact that there has been a change in the manner of attacking the liquor problem which will undoubtedly be regarded as a change for the better. The attacks are now directed at the weak spots in the armor of their antagonists. It is the gin palace of Great Britain, the saloon and

barroom of America upon which they are training their artillery. It is the use of vile and poisonous distillates, whose only recommendation is the profit they pay their dishonest manufacturers which are vigorously assailed. It is the foolish practice of treating, the equally foolish practice of recommending stimulants for all sorts of sickness, and the pernicious example of using stimulants before little children, which are now receiving the attention of the reformers. Here they have a clear field and to their arguments there is no answer. Here they have done already a world of good and will undoubtedly do much more. All over, both England and America, there is a strong disposition toward limiting the number of licenses, forbidding the use of impure and deleterious drinks and of increasing the penalties against improper drinking. All of these mark an increased moral sense and a remarkable change of a condition which nearly all of our readers will remember. The change may not be as great as it ought to be and as it will be, but it is sufficient to deserve the gratitude of all who love their fellowmen.

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The modern woman is nothing if not original. She is forever thinking and doing new and astonishing things. Unlike man, who advertises the smallest thing he does, woman with characteristic modesty says nothing, but keeps on as if naught had ever occurred. In the past month, for example, the leaders of the female suffrage movement organized political study clubs at nearly every watering place and other summer resorts. It has been found that these clubs have done more to arouse interest in public affairs and have converted more women from in-

difference or even antagonism to the possession of political rights than anything yet tried. The clubs are very simple. They are merely little circles of women ranging from five to one hundred in number, who have a teacher and take a course of study, using one or more standard text-books for their subjects. There are a large number of works of more or less value and also of interest. The two leaders are Dr. Albert Shaw and Professor Fiske, the great Harvard thinker. With these two well-known writers come Professor Gunton, Henry George, Phœbe Hannaford, John Stuart Mill, Albert Stickney, and others of lesser fame. No one can study these works without becoming deeply interested. The next feeling aroused is that of indignation and disgust at the conduct of men who have been supposed to sway the destiny of nations, and the third is the feeling that any person of the commonest intelligence who is simply actuated by true morality would do far better at the ballot-box in Congress, or even in the presidential chair, than two-thirds of the so-called statesmen and nine-tenths of the politicians who have made up so large a portion of our political history. The story of the encroachment of slavery in the present century in our own land upon free institutions, of the stultification and dishonor of those whose duty it was to oppose the rising tide of wrong, the cowardice and moral debasement of great parties, in the face of the African monster and the culmination of the monstrous system in the fugitive slave law cannot be read to-day by any human being without the blood boiling.

The suffrage leaders have acted wisely in this matter. The moment

they found that women were even more patriotic than men, and above all more moral they started to develop the political study system upon a vast scale, and now within one year and a half they have it organized from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The opposition to it grows smaller every year. Among women it is found chiefly in two elements or classes. One is the housewife who has a happy but busy home, and who has not enough spare time or energy to devote her attention to anything outside of her domestic duties. In her case the antagonism is more indifference than anything else. She represents, however, a very large class—about fifteen or twenty per cent. of the adult women of the country. The other class is a very remarkable one and is to be found in cities and such other places as are marked by what is known as fashionable society. It consists generally of women who have risen in such society by reason of their husband's success, and who carry into their new sphere of life the habits and ideas which would have made them successful housewives in small towns. Few of them have received a high education and scarcely any have even attained distinction in any intellectual or artistic field of activity.

In the two hundred and fifty colleges where women are co-educated, or where they alone are matriculates, the suffrage movement finds its strongest support. The feeling grows greater as the girl passes from Freshman to Sophomore, from junior to senior year, and generally has become a fixed conviction when they join the *alumnæ* association. Nearly all of the new leaders in the suffrage organization have been drawn from this class. Such orators and organizers as Mrs.

Chapmann-Catt, Mrs. Foster Avery, Miss Frances Willard, Mary Livermore, Miss Yates, Miss Keyser, Mrs. Russell Sage, Miss Helen Gould, Madam Alberti, Emma Cranmer, Mary C. Francis, and Mrs. Cornelia K. Hood are not only college graduates but most of them have taken titles and degrees. Against such women as these no equals can be brought. They are peerless in the true sense of the word. The brightest feature of this type of womanhood is that all are identified with religious, charitable or philanthropic movements. Under such leadership the student of political history entertains no misgivings as to the future of the organization they lead. Human beings are a great deal like geese. They all do as does their leader, and hundreds of thousands of people whose character has not been formed, who may be weak in moral courage, or who may not have the mental vitality to act for themselves, will be a unit in the cause of righteousness when commanded by such magnificent types of American womanhood.

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There are thousands of nice people here, there and everywhere outside of the great metropolis, who have trouble every May and June in determining where they will spend their vacations. Some live by the seaside and others near the hills; some by fertile meadows and others by great forests and each and all want something different for a change. To such people a new summer resort can be recommended which will satisfy and gratify every wish. For those who read it has an unlimited supply of books—in fact several libraries much larger than those found in small towns. Its has quite a collection of fine paint-



ings, engravings, etchings and water colors. Its few hotels and boarding houses are so graded as to meet every purse. Its streets are clean and beautiful, its buildings neat and attractive; its people well dressed and polite, its food supply excellent and its recreations extremely good, especially its music. It is not as popular as Newport or as fashionable as Tuxedo. It is never crowded, and yet, taking it all in all, it probably can offer more attractions than any other resort in the United States. This model little watering place is the City of New York.

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This summer there is a larger development of athletics among women than ever before known. Bicycling is by all odds the most popular of all the sports. Its growth is something phenomenal. Incomplete returns show that the output of bicycles in England in the past twelve months has been seventy thousand and in this country about sixty-five thousand and that

there are four hundred thousand machines in use in the United States. These figures are amazing. There has been a revival of archery, which is a very graceful and healthful sport. There is no reason why it should not have the same vogue as in Great Britain where tournaments and challenged matches with the bow and arrow have been a fashionable recreation for many years.

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There is considerable fun at the watering places among the young women. During the spring, the non-bicycling maids have had endless amusement with those who strode the winged wheel, in respect to their knickerbockers and divided skirts. Now the tables are turned; the demure bicyclists with their heavy spatterdashes and loose, wide skirts stand on the verge of the beach and indulge in remarks of a more or less satirical kind upon the bathing costumes of their non-bicycling sisters.

## WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS.

NOT even in this country's phenomenal growth and intellectual advancement can any parallel be found eclipsing that of women's organizations whether social, political or charitable.

When their formation was first noted and before their aims and objects were well understood, questions came from innumerable quarters as to their *raison d'être*, what women wanted and where the new departure was to end?

All this, however, has been changed, and the work that women have done and the good that they have brought about, despite almost insurmountable obstacles constitute the charter of their organizations—even if any were

necessary to justify their existence.

Volumes could be written on the reforms that have been instituted, on the social inequalities that have levelled and on charitable deeds silently done. And when it is seriously considered that most of these clubs and bodies are, comparatively speaking, still in their infancy will it be denied that untold volumes are yet to be written? It cannot be doubted. The advance of women is just as assured as is that of science or learning, and is just as impossible of opposition or hindrance. And as women advance so also does the necessity of clubs for their use and recreation become more manifest. But it is as a field of well-doing that these institutions are most

in evidence and are most desired. Men's clubs are in the main social, women's have a wider basis. Speaking on this subject Miss Jessie Bartlett Davis, the well-known prima donna, summed up the question in the following admirable manner:

"Women's clubs," said Miss Davis, "have really become a necessity owing to the great social changes which have occurred in the past decade. These have been greater and their results more far-reaching than the unthinking public are aware of. Almost every walk of life—from the meanest toil to the highest professions—is now open to woman, and each has its representatives. What more natural then that with increasing numbers should come the desire for union, for a closer alliance and for a more intimate knowledge of each other? That is the social aspect of the question. The broader and the better is the inherent wish to exchange ideas upon topics of charity and reform, to alleviate suffering and advance the cause of humanity. Without doubt women's clubs exert great educational influence. One has but to scan the records of two of them to learn that fact. Sorosis and the Professional Women's League have done more in this direction in their brief career than a whole century's advancement on the old lines would have brought about. Young women join these institutions, become imbued with *esprit de corps*, get interested in higher thought, and while they themselves are gaining a broader knowledge unconsciously teach and elevate others. Thus they grow in strength and influence. When an exchange of ideas is supplemented by a desire to learn, the result is bound to be mutual advantage. A club, too, when conducted on proper lines, gives a polish to one's speech and bearing that is both charming and desirable, and impossible of acquirement elsewhere. No one acquainted with the working of any of our leading clubs, with the good that they have done and what their programs for the future are, can question their worth."

#### THE NEW YORK STATE FEDERATION OF CLUBS.

That was a wise and politic move on the part of those far-seeing leaders who brought about the federation of the women's clubs of the Empire state. It was a giant move in the advancement of women's organizations. The benefits to be derived were obvious to all, but the skill and diplomacy required to bring the desired end to an issue were great and were as successful as they deserved to be. The drafting of a constitution sufficiently comprehensive to meet the approval of the many clubs interested, would have taxed the abilities of the proverbial Philadelphian lawyer, but the task was successfully undertaken by the clubs' own talent. Upon her election as president, Mrs. Jennie June Croly made the following speech which deserves a permanent place in the annals of women's organizations. After formally returning thanks, Mrs. Croly said:

"I take the honor of my election to be a recognition of the principles I have long loved and fought for, rather than as a personal tribute to myself. From my youth I have been a firm believer in the value and efficiency of women's organizations. The good that they may be the means of achieving when properly conducted and administered is incalculable. That I always believed and I am glad I have lived to see my belief confirmed. There is no limit to the good that we may do and the more we learn from experience, the more efficiently and promptly we can and will achieve our end. When I and a few friends started Sorosis many years ago, our action was thought to be a joke by one-half the people, by the other to be an outlandish and mysterious outrage. Our society, however, has outgrown and lived down detraction and opposition alike. The worth of its work, the high intellectual standard of its meetings, the dignified interest and part it took in passing events, the help that it gave to women in all walks of life made it by degrees the great and grow-

ing power that it is to-day. The spirit which it represented from the first, spread abroad and where some years back there was but one club now there are hundreds; where the women's club was once laughed at, it is now admired and appreciated, and where it once represented a handful of earnest and industrious women, it now boasts its thousands. Now, if all this good has been accomplished by clubs acting independently and without any common aim or end, what will be done when they are organized into one great body, disciplined like an army and actuated by one common impulse to develop womanhood and woman-kind the highest and noblest extent. Looking forward I can see no limit to the progress bound to come." To say that these sentiments found a ready echo in the breasts of the women of our country is to put the matter mildly. They were taken up with enthusiasm and with enthusiasm they are being spread and lived up to.

The following are the office-holders for the current year. Vice-president, Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer; recording secretary, Mrs. F. V. Vose, of Utica; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Allan C. Washington; treasurer Mrs. J. McCullogh, of New York; auditor, Mrs. Mary F. Warner, of Rochester. Eight ex-officio vice-presidents; Mrs. Helmuth, Mrs. A. M. Palmer, Mrs. Scrimgeour, Mrs. Buck, Buffalo; Mrs. Gowinlock, of Warsaw; Mrs. Backus and Mrs. Lozier.

The following are the clubs enrolled in the federation: Colonia Club, Brooklyn; Travelers' Club, Ilion; Berkeley Ladies' Athletic Club, X. L. M. Club, Little Mothers' Aid Society, Phalo Club, Mount Holyoke Alumnae Association, Port Washington Ladies' Club, Twelfth Night Club, Photerone Club, of Brooklyn; Historical Club, Ilion; Woman's Club, Oneonta; Women's Conference of the Society for Ethical Culture, Women's Club of Richmond County; Professional Woman's League, The Woman's Art Club of New York; Fortnightly Club, of New Brighton; Working Girl's So-

cieties, Eastern New York; Branch of the Society of Collegiate Alumnae, Fortnightly Literary Club, Brooklyn; Packer Collegiate Institution Association Alumnae, Portia Reading Club, Brooklyn; Westfield Monday Evening Club, The Emma Willard Association, Graduates' Association, Buffalo; Woman's Legal Education Society, Woman's Club, Long Island; Shakespeare Society of Seneca Falls; Waterville Saturday Night Club, Cambridge Club, Brooklyn; Woman's Investigating Club, Buffalo; Sorosis, Alumnae Association of New York, Medical College and Hospital for Women, Ladies' Health League, Eastern Association of Wells' College, Highland Park Literary Club, Buffalo; Alumnae Association of St. Mary's School, New York; Brooklyn Heights Seminary Club, Winter Club, Vassar Students Aid Society, Women's Health Protective Association, Brooklyn; Brooklyn Woman's Club, Wheaton Woman's Club, New Century Club of Utica; Political Study Club, New York; New York Woman's Press Club, Alumnae of the Woman's Law Class of the University of the City of New York, Clio Literary Club, Nineteenth Century Club, Haverstraw; Rutgers Alumnae Association, Urban Club, Brooklyn; Women's Guild of the New York Hospital and Medical College, Twentieth Century Club, Buffalo; Scribbler's Club, Buffalo; Fræbel Society, Brooklyn; Italian United Charities, Utica Century Club, Wheaton Seminary Club and the Monday Club, Warsaw.

#### THE KIND WORD ASSOCIATION.

This interesting organization is purely local and is intended to meet many social conditions which have become features in New York life. Its principal object is to relieve the plethora of working girls in the city by helping them to secure homes in the country districts. It also trains girls and young women in home and general domestic duties so as to fit them to take service. The society strives to procure situations for the girls just as

soon as they become competent, and in this manner it works not only on the girls' behalf but on that of householders. In this benevolent field it does not stop short with working girls, but in many cases the society has provided homes for widows and children. One feature of its work is the inducements which it offers to factory and other work girls out of employment, to turn to domestic duties. With these a home at least always goes so that young women engaged in families are saved a deal of mental care and in the majority of cases can live a healthier and happier life than their sisters who toil for so many hours in factories and shops. And so too are the ordinary temptations of a young girl's life considerably lessened. Many hundreds of girls are annually placed in good situations by the society's efforts. The percentage that turn out unsatisfactory is infinitesimal, the majority being good steady workers. People desirous of assisting the organization may do so by giving money, clothing and other necessities of life. The office of the society is in the Manhattan Athletic Club House. Among the members who take an active interest in the organization are: Mrs. John Sherwood, Miss Lee, Miss Pell, Miss Beckel, Mrs. J. D. Townsend, Mrs. W. F. Hay, Mrs. A. C. Carlisle and Mrs. G. W. Bartholomew.

#### BAPTIST SOCIAL UNION.

The Baptist Social Union of Manhattan Island is a popular and prosperous organization that has proved itself of great value to the powerful church to which its members belong. Unlike many similar societies it admits men to membership and by reason of its admirable and amicable career, is a striking example of how well the sexes jointly manage when on a basis of equality. If anything, the administration of the society's affairs placed in the women's hands has proved the more successful. Prominent members of the organization are Mrs. Wendell S. Phillips, Mrs. H. T. Hanks, Mrs.

A. S. Blackmore, Mrs. E. B. Harper, Mrs. H. S. Conger, Mrs. E. L. Marston, Mrs. J. E. Newcomb, Mrs. D. F. Dickerson, Mrs. D. L. Wilcox, Mrs. C. J. Townsend, Mrs. J. W. Perry, Mrs. D. S. Link and Mrs. Morse.

#### THE BROOKLYN LEPROSY SOCIETY.

An organization illustrating the width of woman's charity and their eagerness to help in lessening the sufferings of afflicted humanity, irrespective of caste or creed, is the Brooklyn Leprosy Society. Its members are in sympathy with some of the missionary societies working in India and elsewhere, and by collecting funds and otherwise supporting and cheering the missionaries abroad, do a deal of good. In the Orient the curse of leprosy is the heaviest that can fall on a human being. The victims become outcasts from family and friends, are put away either alone or in small communities already polluted and there left to drag out a miserable existence until relieved by death. No one can once look upon a leper settlement and ever forget the sight. In British India, the Straits Settlements and Hong Kong, they are humanely treated and, although isolated, have every care and attention. In China, however, they are turned out to care for themselves as best they may. They either drift away from the living and die of starvation and exposure, or join some leper community for a more lingering death. Hence any effort made by the charitable toward relieving these terribly stricken creatures—no matter of what race or creed, is worthy of admiration and support. Mrs. Benziger is the president of the society, and Miss Marie Downing the secretary.

#### THE RESCUE BAND.

Not in this State is there any charitable institution which does more noble work than the New York Rescue Band. This organization was formed for the purpose of rescuing and reclaiming the



unfortunate women of the streets who dwell in the vile quarters of Chinatown, Baxter Bend and Little Italy. The Rev. Dr. Charles Parkhurst and his wife were largely instrumental in starting the society and were loyally aided by friends and reformers. Quarters were secured at No. 17 Doyers Street, a mission house opened and Mrs. Annie G. Ruggles appointed superintendent at a moderate salary. With this one exception the workers all give their time and services gratuitously. The society's methods are simple, practical and humane. Kindness takes the place of austerity, Christian entreaty that of rebuke. The workers parade the streets until the small hours of the morning, rescuing all who are willing to come and accept a warm and cheering meal and rest for the night. After being fed they are engaged in conversation, asked if they are happy in the lives they are leading; if they would not care to change it all for something more wholesome and respectable. Hope is held out and in the majority of cases visions of happier days loom up before the outcast and not a few of them, thus prevailed on by simple kindness, reform and once more become worthy, hard-working women. Many of the rescues made by the Band read like romances, but outside their own immediate neighborhood little is known of them, or the splendid work they have done and are still doing.

#### THE KINDERGARTEN SOCIETY.

Among the many splendid societies in the interests of which they are using their utmost efforts the women of Brooklyn are justly proud of their Kindergarten Association. This admirable institution is conducted on broad and liberal—even charitable lines, and freely throws open to the poor the doors of its various schools; of these it has twelve and all are taxed to their utmost capacity. For one society to successfully conduct twelve schools seems a fact worthy no less admiration than astonishment. But

the leaders of the organization are not by any means satisfied yet. More funds are being collected and the establishment of additional schools is confidently anticipated. The kindergartens are admirable examples of their class and in them are to be found the very latest ideas in regard to the education of the young. Contributions and requests for membership are at all times eagerly welcomed. The fee required of members is only three dollars per annum. Hamilton W. Mabie, Mrs. Lawrence Hutton, Richard Watson Gilder, Mrs. Susan Meade, Mrs. Edward R. Hewitt, Henry B. Stillman, Dr. John P. Peters and Mrs. Frederick, J. Stimson are a few of the society's leading lights.

#### THE GOULD KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION.

The Gould Kindergarten Association is another body that carries on, in an unostentatious way, much good and charitable work. The children of the poor come in for its especial care, but the sick and friendless of mature years never fail to receive succor when their wants are made known to the Association. No Christmas is allowed to pass without the name of this society being blessed by hundreds of little ones who either participate in the pleasures and treasures of a Christmas tree or are gladdened in some other way. The officers of the society are as follows: President, Mrs. George J. Gould; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Theodore Sutro, Mrs. Russell Sage, Miss Helen Gould, R. A. Van Wyck, and A. Ladenburg; Secretary, Mrs. Johnston; Assistant Secretary, Miss Frankie A. King; Treasurer, W. R. Worrall.

#### THE INDEPENDENT PEN WOMAN'S CLUB.

This organization had its inception and enjoys its being in the enterprising city of Chicago. The society is a new one but has blossomed into life and action so vigorously as to promise a long and useful reign. As the title

indicates it is a literary organization, and so far has devoted its meetings to the consideration of topics of interest to intellectual newspaper and other literary workers. It prides itself upon making these meetings of more than ordinary interest for the programs are so critically scanned by the leaders that everything tending to dull or unduly lengthen the proceedings, is religiously eliminated. The officers of this club deserve more than passing notice and, briefly, are as follows: President, Miss Belle L. Gorton; vice-president, Mrs. Helen E. Starrett; secretary and treasurer, Miss Evelyn E. English; historian, Mrs. Mary F. Strong; librarian, Miss Frances L. Dusenberry. The president, Miss Gorton, came straight from a post-graduate course at the Harvard Annex, now Radcliffe College, to enter into journalistic work, and was editorially connected: first, with the *Weekly Magazine*, and later with *Unity*, finding time also to contribute paid articles to various periodicals. She is now a member of the publishing firm of Searle & Gorton, established in 1890 and the editor and proprietor of the *New Order*, which has won golden opinions everywhere since its establishment a little over a year ago. She has recently been appointed by Mrs. Joseph Thompson, president of the Board of Lady Managers for the Atlanta Cotton States and International Exposition, press representative for Chicago and Illinois, thus becoming a co-worker on the same committee with Kate Field, Miss Bisland, Eliza Archard Conners, Sallie Joy White, Edith Sessions Tupper and other equally well-known women of New York, Boston and other cities.

Mrs. Starrett, who is also principal of one of the best known schools for young ladies in Chicago, located at Oak Park, began her editorial work on

a daily paper published in Lawrence, Kans., and since that time has been engaged first in St. Louis as a regular editorial writer on *The Post*—now *Post Dispatch*—and afterward in Chicago, first as a regular editorial writer on *The Daily News* and later on several prominent weeklies, the last of which was *The Interior*, the leading Presbyterian paper of this country. Many of her articles have already appeared in the leading publications of the day. She is also the author of many popular books such as "Letters to a little girl," "Letters to elder daughters," and "Gypsy," a dog story. Both Mrs. Starrett and Miss Gorton have been for many years members of the Chicago women's club.

Miss English, though apparently a young worker, has found time to do considerable paid special work for the city dailies and eastern publications under her own name. She has also written under the pen name of "Tot" for several weeklies, and was identified with Chicago "Life" and "Figaro" at their inception. Before this she was with the South Side "Call" and with the "Saturday Evening Herald."

Mrs. Strong has been a newspaper correspondent for over a dozen years, for a number of years being Washington correspondent for leading newspapers in the north west, and is an author and a fluent French translator.

Miss Dusenberry is proprietor of the Purdy Publishing Co., and the editor of the "Chicago Woman's News." She has recently been chosen one of the vice-presidents of the Illinois federation of women's clubs, representing the seventh congressional district. During the World's Fair she was one of the committee on weeklies and monthlies to be collected for the exposition. Miss Dusenberry is a young woman of sweet disposition and charming manners.

## WORKING WOMEN.

**W**ITHOUT doubt there has never been a period in history when woman was so much in evidence as now. And equally without doubt is it, that she has won her place in the niche of progress mainly by her sterling worth of character, by brilliancy of intellect and a courage that would acknowledge no defeat.

Woman by the force of her individual and collective genius has stamped this era as her own, for in it she has succeeded in burning in the lamp of knowledge all records of her prehistoric bondage. Apart altogether from the subject of rights—debatable or acknowledged—she has in recent years proved herself man's peer, often his superior, in matters of charity, reform, science and general scholarship. But it has been as a practical and charitable worker that she has shone the best and brightest and scored the greatest victories over the cant of hypocrisy and sandbanks of prejudiced ignorance. To-day, women are worming out and winning from the gutter members of a class which for centuries has been neglected and despised, and thus by the extension of womanly sympathy and thoughtfulness are effecting more good in a week than scheduled reform could in a year. So do women work: some in the highest ranks of intellectual culture; many in the very lowest slums and among the dregs of humanity. There are many examples of the two classes but no brighter or worthier can be found than the two women, whose brief biographical sketches are appended:

### MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

One has but to glance at the beautiful and expressive face of Mrs. Ballington Booth to be convinced that she is all her admirers claim for her: noble, devout, brave and sweetly simple. On her, nature has lavished her fondest fancies, and has been as profuse in mental gifts as in physical



MRS. BOOTH.

charms. Being the daughter of an English clergyman this lady was early brought in familiar contact with the poor; their needs and sufferings, hopes and pathetic patience. As a girl she delighted in the accomplishment of little acts of charity which endeared her to all around. It was by its excellent rescuing work in the slums of her native city, that she first became attracted to the Salvation Army. It was at a time too when it was being most scoffed at and derided. A close study of the movement and its management convinced her of the worth of the organization and the field that lay before it. She attended their meetings and finally joined the ranks. Her marriage with Ballington Booth, son and destined successor of "General" Booth, followed in 1886.

Mrs. Booth wears the prescribed Army uniform and enters into all its affairs with vigor and enthusiasm. She is probably the most eloquent and effective female orator in the whole army, and enjoys the unbounded faith, love and confidence of everyone with whom she comes in contact. Mrs. Booth is about thirty years of age and has two children, a girl and a boy.

#### MARY SEYMOUR HOWELL.

In any reference to the practical advancement of womankind, the name of Mary Seymour Howell should ever be included. Her existence is really identified with the movement onward and although it is in the higher attitudes of intellectual and every-day life that her efforts have been directed, still under the heading of working women does she elect to be regarded.

Mrs. Howell had, early in life, the advantage of a high-class classical education and as the years advanced, this was developed into a wider one of the world of to-day. With the discernment of genius, Mrs. Howell early detected that to achieve victory she must of necessity begin at the beginning, and gradually educate up to her own high standard, those whom she sought to convert. She decided to lecture. With this end in prospect, she studied and prepared the historical and literary lectures on temperance which not only won her fame but did so much toward winning the attention and admiration of thousands who had hitherto laughed or sneered at the cause she had at heart. And later with still maturing experience she embraced and championed woman's suffrage. This conviction had no sooner been arrived at than this spirited woman went forth to advance the interests and plead the cause of her latest conviction with a zest beyond commendation. It has repeatedly been her happy lot to plead the cause of woman before committees of State Legislatures and of Congress and is the only woman who has, so far, been invited to address the House of Representatives of Connecticut on any topic.

In oratory Mary Seymour Howell has few equals and, with rare exceptions, her speeches have been received with honestly won applause—often rapture. Her diction is choice and every sentence uttered pregnant with appropriate and convincing meaning. Her eloquence is marvelous, and while she plays in words she never fails to touch the keys which reach the human heart. Her efforts have been brilliant and her success equally so.



MARY SEYMOUR HOWELL.



## WHAT NOTED WOMEN SAY ON CURRENT TOPICS.

**E**LIZABETH CADY STANTON is both by natural genius and recorded worth the greatest of living American women. Her life has been spent studying, analyzing and practicing upon the vital questions which most seriously affect society and natural life. To her, the English speaking women owe what legal rights they possess to-day, more than to anybody else and one might add that also to her energy and talent the women of other lands and nationalities owe much of their broader mental and physical liberty and enjoyment.

On the 19th and 20th of July, 1848, she with Lucretia Mott, and one or two other women held the first convention ever known of to look into the social and political position of woman. From that convention in one way or another all the vast improvement, widening out and development of woman's life has emanated. Mrs. Stanton was the creator of "The Married Woman's Property Act," which passed the legislature of New York State, and is what gives to married women to-day the right of holding property. This law has been since used in numerous foreign lands and many States in our own union. Mrs. Stanton might well be called the mother of American womanhood. She has brought up a large family of her own and has now reached the advanced age of eighty years and is still hale and hearty. Her father was Judge Cady. She was his pet. Being the favorite in the study and in the office she gained from him much legal knowledge that not even a close student could have acquired. She early in life showed a keen desire for speaking different languages. Before she was twenty she had mastered three besides her own and when her second child was born she could talk mother-talk to him in five.

This passion for hidden languages and modern tongues inspired her to

delve into history, tales of fancy and mythology. She says the farther back she hunted the more she became convinced that the matriarchate or mother-age existed. After she had written and studied for twenty years in this line, a German professor of renown who had been working in the same sphere of thought and research gave to the world his written belief, that the matriarchate or mother-age had been, and he raised funds to look more into the matter. His followers are still busy on this plan and every day more evidence appears to prove Mrs. Stanton's theory.

I called upon the great woman-leader at her house in New York City one morning not long since, and found her baking cake. She quietly pulled down her sleeves, adjusted her kerchief, a simple white muslin affair about her neck, looked up earnestly and said: "Talk to you about women, why I never can stop talking about them. Too much cannot be said, they need all kinds of every good style of talk.

"The matriarchate! why certainly it existed. Almost all great antiquarian scholars believe it. Women were the first inventors, the first priests and the first politicians. We are now in the patriarchate or father-age, when the male dominates. Neither system has or can succeed. In the next century we will have the dawn of the amphiarachate, or two-age, male and female being on a perfectly equal foundation and then peace will reign and all the people be allowed to rise and shine."

Madam Aurelia Pote, who has for many years been a teacher of gymnastics and physical culture for women, is a great believer in pure, strong, wholesome physical and spiritual life for women. "What women need more of to-day" says she, "is soul and pure blood. They have the natural good-

ness of the race born with them and I believe it takes considerable foreign force to pervert the inborn chasteness, self-sacrifice and nobility of woman's disposition. But these things have been accomplished by unjust social and political conditions and now that woman is stepping out upon a clearer, more firm plane, she must breathe in more soul and give to society and the world what it most needs—the essence of infinitude and boundless charity."

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Madam Hannar Korany, a distinguished woman from Syria, who has taken up her residence in Gotham, says anent our manners, "I think American women are natural queens, every one of them, in the drawing-room. They are always charitable, spontaneous, sympathetic and entertaining. There are no two alike and they never dress alike. Petty jealousies among these persons are very rare. They are well bred in the most humane and natural sense. They have very few dissipations and show a growing love and thirst for literature, music and art. They come much nearer to the Oriental standard of womanhood than any other women I have met."

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Kate Brownlee Sherwood, of Ohio, who is a believer in the teaching of patriotism to school children, is a fine historian. She advances the idea, that love of home and country must be instilled in the infant from his cradle. The very sight of the "stars and stripes" should make his babyship and his primary pupilship thrill with pride and admiration. Every day should mean some victory won by the people who live under the flag and every glorious name, which figures upon the pages of honored records should be engraven deeply in his memory. The child will grow to a patriotic man from mere force of habit if not by inward conviction. The girl will develop the intense and unquestioning spirit of patriotism and bravery and these two who are our coming Amer-

ican citizens are well drilled before the world calls upon them to fulfill the trust of citizenship.

† † †

The question of what can be done for the homeless and unprotected women, who are aimlessly and hopelessly roaming about our cities is practically and ably answered by Mrs. John W. Sherwood, the creator of "The Kind Word Society," who says that these women should be taught how to be first-class housekeepers as there are never enough of these good persons. Girls, she thinks, should always understand how to make a home comfortable and pleasant. They should be up to date in all their information, however. Women make excellent preservers of home discipline and they should be perfectly equipped with all the best ideas in this field. It is an honor for a good woman to earn her living in this fashion, and Mrs. Sherwood, herself a leader of American society, hopes that the position of the maid-servant and the housekeeper will be steadily elevated until smart American girls will expend their best energies to become perfect in the art.

† † †

Harriette Keyser, a student of political economy, and a member of many women organizations is much interested in "The Church Association for the Interest and Advancement of Labor." This society is a new and splendid idea. Miss Keyser says that it brings the thinking and working people together. It puts the millionaire and the one-dollar-a-day workman upon the same level. All are interested for the good of humanity to help each other, relieve distress and ennoble industry. Recently various workingmen who had taken parts in strikes and commercial upheavals appeared in St. Michael's Church and told their story before this association in their own fashion. It opened the eyes of the listeners to many things they had never before either heard or dreamed of. Miss Keyser was one of

the charter members, and in her opinion the movement has grown steadily every year since its inception. It is, according to her opinion, the only feasible and peaceable manner in which the industrial problem can be discussed.

† † †

Miss Charlotte W. Hawes of Boston, is filling a special field in the musical sphere. This is demonstrated in her illustrated lectures upon visible music. Miss Hawes is an extraordinary woman in many ways. She is a well-known teacher of harmony and piano-forte, has earned high rank among the musical fraternity and obtained enviable success throughout the United States as a lecturer upon musical themes. Her extended travels in Europe, her residence in towns made famous as the homes of musical composers, and musical privileges have enabled her to obtain a fund of musical information accurate, rare, invaluable and incomparable. Visible music is however her cult. On this particular topic she waxes eloquent. "I do think the little instrument I have invented for making music visible is a bit of a revelation," said she. "It is a small bowl resting on three legs. A hole in the bottom makes room for a long rubber tube, the ends of which just fit the human mouth. Over the upper part of the bowl is stretched a rubber disk. On the disk I sprinkled colored powders of a superfine quality. I put my mouth to the tube, breathe into it a lyric high note and it displaces the particles of powder and makes a beautiful rose; I make a medium rich tone, and it embroiders a gorgeous Greek

figure; I create a soft contralto sound and a chain of rings or a bouquet of daisies appear on the surface. There are indeed great possibilities in this line of work, and when thoroughly investigated it will no doubt divulge many of nature's secrets, such as the rainbow, the singing of birds, the rich colors of the vegetation and the music of the spheres."

† † †

Evils usually go in pairs, says Marie Merrick, the well known author. For many years, for many centuries man has repressed woman's intellect. Despite her magnificent progress in the Italian universities, he has treated her as a mental inferior, a child, a doll, until he has succeeded in producing women that are dolls. On the other hand woman has repressed man's mortality. She has treated him, forgetful of the fact that men have set the moral standards of the world, as a moral inferior, a libertine and a debauché until she has succeeded in producing men that are libertines and debauches. Both evils are to be remedied if we are ever to achieve a christian civilization. Woman must be educated by man, until she is on a par with him and man must be trained morally by woman until he is on a par with her. The doll and the roué must make place for the ideal mother and father. It will take a long time to undo the evils that have been done by false systems of belief and conduct but it must come and will come with the new centuries. It will not be accomplished by legislation but by individual endeavor and united action working along the same lines.

## NOTES OF WOMEN'S COLLEGES

THE Pratt Institute, although the youngest scholastic institution in Brooklyn, N. Y., is now the largest. In addition to its regular work, it gives lectures on topics of general interest which are largely attended by the public.

The Brooklyn Institute, which for twenty years has seemed almost dead, has taken a new lease of life. It makes a special feature of classes in science and in the course of a year receives over five thousand students.

The Adelphi Academy (Brooklyn) has adopted the German University system of education and now puts German and French on a par with Greek. English literature runs through the entire curriculum.

The Packer Institute (Brooklyn) sustained a great loss in the death of Prof. Darwin G. Eaton, who had been in its faculty nearly a life time. It is contemplating the raising of its standards so as to put it on a par with the leading colleges for women.

The Brooklyn Heights Seminary is so prosperous that it may be enlarged and another year added to its regular course. It has a faculty of great ability which would suffice for any such improvement.

Rutgers' Female College (N. Y.) celebrated its fifty-sixth anniversary last April. Its popularity is perennial.

The Normal College (N. Y.) is dissatisfied with the percentage system and will combine it with final examinations, beginning with the class of '96.

The New York Delsarte College has grown too large for its handsome home on Fifth Avenue and will probably secure larger accommodations in the same neighborhood.

The Teachers' College (N. Y.) has already received numerous applications to enter next year and will doubtless open in September with more undergraduates than ever before.

The latest reports show that there are over five hundred alumnae associations in the United States with a total membership of nearly two hundred thousand women.

Barnard College (the new annex of Columbia) has received so many gifts and subscriptions in the past year that it is beginning to be one of the wealthiest women's colleges in the country.

The Woman's Law School of the University of New York, seems to have filled a great want. Not only is it growing in numbers and popularity, but no less than seven of its graduates have been called on to deliver from one to twenty lectures, each in various cities.

The Emma Willard Seminary (Troy, N. Y.) has a new and magnificent building, Russell Sage Hall. It came just in time, as the increase of scholars rendered larger accommodations imperative.

The Cambridge School for Girls (Boston) is an ideal home for a student. It receives a limited number of scholars and the limit is always crowded.

Vassar College (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) has gone largely into athletics in the past year with splendid results. Every undergraduate has kept up in her studies and at the same time has improved physically to a very large degree.

Bryn Mawr College (Pa.) flourishes like the proverbial bay-tree. '95 was one of its best years and '96 promises to surpass '95.

The Baltimore Woman's College has been studying egyptology under Pres-



ident Goucher. Among the illustrations are a lot of mummies, one of which has been named after a professor by some of the mischievous girls.

Well's College, Aurora, N. Y., has been getting ahead in music, and now boasts of a superb amateur female orchestra. They have so much talent that they write compositions, do the orchestration and then perform them in a style worthy a professional organization.

Miss Olivia Tracy and Miss Margaret M. Everett, formerly of Misses Master's school, Dobb's Ferry, N. Y., have been doing admirable work at the Pratt Institute. They are making a special study of cooking and of organic chemistry, physics and physiology as related to the culinary art and to food. Both ladies are prominent members of the New York Association of Teachers of Cookery.

Wellesley College, Massachusetts, has created some new optional courses of great interest. Among these are American literature, English masterpieces of the nineteenth century, social economies and pathology and the French Renaissance, romance literature. The students are now permitted to attend theatre at intervals and under proper chaperonage.

Professor Ellen Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a distinguished chemist and scientific expert delivered a valuable course of lectures at Vassar upon cooking during the last season, and will probably repeat it during the coming year.

An important event of the year was the presentation to Barnard College of a chair of American History by the New York chapter of the society of the Daughter's of the American Revolution. It reflected great credit upon Mrs. Donald McLean, the regent of the society and her able colleagues.

The New York Medical College for Women graduated ten or eleven young women doctors this season, making a total of some two hundred alumnæ.

The New York Cooking School under the professorship of Miss E. P. Huntington has become a great success. It is obliged to refuse applicants to many classes for the lack of accommodations.

Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., seems to lead the list in the attention it bestows upon the modern languages. In French they bring the student down to the lights of to-day in Bourget, De Maupassant and Daudet, and in German to Von Widenbruch, Helmholtz and Kœlliker.

In Bryan Mawr a number of students are working in the old Irish and old Slavonic languages.

Mount Holyoke has a large alumnæ association numbering over one thousand, with local associations in twenty different districts.

There is a rumor that the girl under graduates of Ann Arbor University, Michigan, during the year last past averaged twenty per cent better in their studies than their masculine colleagues.

## PROFESSIONAL WOMEN.



MISS MARY PROCTOR.

Talented daughter of a gloriously talented father can truthfully be written of Mary, the living representative of the universally mourned Richard A. Proctor. Although nature has not vouchsafed to her the whole wealth of her parent's genius, still Miss Proctor has sufficient talents to make her no mean substitute for the man who was without doubt the most popular and gifted lecturer on the science of astronomy that the world has produced. The daughter is following in the father's footsteps, and if on a less ambitious plan promises in her career as teacher and exponent of the myriad mysteries which surround the starry firmament to break down the walls of much popular ignorance. Imbued with enthusiasm, a sound scholar, a deep student and an effective speaker, Miss Proctor prefers to lecture before juvenile rather than adult audiences simply from the fact that she is convinced that the beautiful, the sublime

study of astronomy should be begun in early youth and not be regarded as a dry and mystifying duty of later years. To this end she has prepared a series of lectures for children which are couched in simple though emphatic language, and which she delivers from time to time in the big centres of the country. But the interest manifested in these quaintly beautiful "Stories of the Stars" which Miss Proctor tells is by no means confined to youthful minds and memories; they are equally delightful, entertaining and instructive to students of maturer years. Through-



MISS ADA REHAN.

out these lectures a vast amount of study, research and deep knowledge are made manifest. The stars and constellations are spoken of in a familiar and loving manner, and made to appear in the eyes of the audience as elements with which all may become acquainted with pleasure and striking profit. Indeed Miss Proctor speaks of the stars and the signs of the zodiac as one ordinarily speaks of one's personal effects. Hence they become familiar objects, are easily committed to memory, and once the thread of inquiry and research is thrown about them the thirst for further knowledge never ends. Miss Proctor's work promises to be rewarded by grand results.

#### ADA REHAN.

There is probably not so much of poetry as of real practical worth in the career of Ada Rehan, or Ada Crehan, as the good parish priest baptised her in Limerick some six and thirty years ago.

Like all geniuses this great actress was born, but the development of her phenomenal histrionic talents took years of hard study and patient work to achieve.

Brooklyn has the privilege of being her professional cradle for to that city her parents came to live when the fair subject of this sketch had seen but five summers. Even in her earliest years at school she manifested the possession of talents which made her a girl of mark. In Newark, N. J., in 1873 she made her debut as a professional actress. This was in Oliver Doud Byron's play. "Across the Continent" Miss Rehan assumed to the rôle of "Cora." Since that night her ascent of the ladder of Fame has been rapid and serene. She is now at the summit for not in the whole range of the drama does there seem to be an element which she has not mastered. In classical comedy she is without a peer and has also won triumphs at home and abroad essaying Shakespeare's heroines.

Miss Rehan's mental attainments

have the advantage of superb physical support a fact which accounts for many of her marvelously varied representations. In private life she is as witty, jovial and entertaining as she is charming on the stage. Miss Rehan makes New York city her headquarters and boasts a large circle of intimate and admiring friends.

#### MISS ENID YANDELL.

Miss Enid Vandall is a young woman of whom Kentucky is especially proud but whose reputation is of too high an order to be kept within the boundaries of that state. She is the daughter of the late Dr. Lunsford Yandell, of Louisville, and has developed a rare genius of sculpture. She was so artistic in her tastes as a child, and her talents early displayed so strong a bent that the choice of a profession was easily decided on. Her artistic career has been a most creditable one, and gives promise of much future brilliancy. Miss Yandell's studies were begun in Louisville, and were followed by a four years' course in the Art Academy at Cincinnati. There an honor medal was won. A visit to Europe was next planned, and while abroad the young student made a critical study of the best works of the great masters now adorning the continental capitals. Returning home, she undertook and satisfactorily completed figures of Daniel Boone and Rogers Clark for one of the local historical societies. Her next great work was the designing of two female figures of heroic size and draped in Grecian style and from which were cast the thirty-two statues forming the Caryatides surrounding the Woman's Building at Chicago and the support of the cornice of the roof gardens. Her crowning effort, however, was the famous statue of Heroes which not only won first prize, but also the plaudits of the world's art critics at the great fair. Miss Yandell has a great future before her, for the laurels which she has already won are but those of the spring.

## MISS LOUISE E. FRANCIS.

Miss Francis is one of those conscientious and talented women writers who have striven in recent years to elevate, educate and emancipate their sex the world over. She was born in St. Helena, Cal., in 1869, and from her childhood has evinced a love of literature. Her early education was obtained in the public schools of her native town, from the highest of which she graduated at the age of fourteen. She then attended a private academy for some eighteen months and finally finished a course of training in the State Normal School. When but seventeen years old Miss Francis determined to make her own way in the world and joined the staff of the *Santa Clara Valley*, a monthly magazine devoted mainly to the home. After serving in an editorial capacity for three years with marked advantage to the periodical and an extension of her own experience, Miss Francis took a needed vacation for a year. Her next literary efforts were made as correspondent for the *San Jose Daily Mercury*, during the summer meetings of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Four years ago this enterprising woman determined to have a newspaper of her own, and started the *Enterprise*, in Castroville, Cal. She is sole editor and proprietor, and has made a wonderful success of the venture. The *Enterprise* is a bright, and cleverly written paper, and wields great influence. It is the official organ of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, and enjoys wide popularity and support. Miss Francis was elected a delegate to the National Editorial Association, which met in California in May of '92.

## MISS MARY A. KROUT.

There are few women journalists better known than Mary Krout, of Chicago. And although her reputation is now a national one, it is not so very long since she was teaching school in her native city, Crawfordsville, Ind.



LOUISE E. FRANCIS.

It was while engaged in those duties, however, that she commenced to write for the press. Tiring of her then too circumscribed sphere of action, Miss Krout took up the position of associate editor of the *Crawfordsville Journal*, and there learned the necessary details of her chosen profession. After some three years of service on that paper she joined the *Daily Express*, of Terre Haute, in an editorial capacity, and where for a time she did much excellent work. It was then that the opportunity for which the unflagging scribe had long waited, presented itself. It was a position on the staff of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. The duties which fell to Miss Krout's lot, however, were those of a society reporter, and were anything but congenial to either her tastes or her talents. But it was an opening, and one, too, that was speedily availed of. Abilities far beyond those necessary for the reporting of teas and tattle soon manifested themselves, and when General Harrison was nominated for the presidency, Miss Krout was sent by the *Inter-Ocean* to Indianapolis as a special political and confidential correspondent. In this





MARY H. KROUT.

capacity she did much brilliant work, keeping her paper posted in all the latest reliable campaign developments. Another of her noted journalistic feats was the securing for her paper of General Lew Wallace's famous speech, and which was used throughout the country as an effective campaign document. Promotion to the editorial staff of the *Inter-Ocean* followed as a reward for her brilliant and highly valued services as special political correspondent. Miss Krout has visited and written much upon Hawaiian and New Zealand affairs, having made a special study of the social conditions and institutions of those countries. She was a member of the committee which attended the Republican convention at Springfield to ask the nomination of Mrs. Lucy M. Flower as trustee to the State University, and by her quick and polished pen is credited with having done much towards securing that lady's election. Miss Krout comes from a family noted on both sides for deep learning and brilliant service to the State. She is a member of the Chicago Press League and other organizations, including that of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

#### THE WOMAN'S HEADQUARTERS.

Whatever may be said if women as organizers it cannot be denied that once an idea is conceived and commends itself to their approval, they do not push it to completion. No undertaking seems too great for them or any scheme too difficult of mastery. The Woman's Building about to be erected in New York City is a case in point. The woman to whom most of the credit for the departure is due, is Miss Janet C. Lewis, the artist, of No. 142 East Eighteenth Street. Some three years ago the want of an institution in New York where young women who had come to the city to complete their art education or take up one of the professions, might find

suitable quarters struck Miss Lewis. She thought the matter over seriously and with the coöperation of some friends has finally succeeded in overcoming every difficulty and launching the Woman's Apartment-House Association. The building, will be a very handsome structure and will afford ample accommodation for many years to come. Some idea of the magnificence of the home may be gained from the following brief description: The building is to be eight stories high and every floor is to be replete with conveniences suitable to the special purpose for which it is intended. The committee, club, reading, writing and assembly rooms are

on the first floor as are also the library and general offices. Many of these rooms are large and all have been designed with a view to special use. For example, the principal assembly room is over 60 feet long and 28 wide and it is intended that it will be available for hire by all women's organizations requiring it for their meetings. The club rooms will be furnished with every regard to comfort and convenience as indeed will the whole building throughout. From the first floor up the rest are divided into single rooms, suites, bedrooms and studios large and small to meet the requirements of every case. The top floor is devoted to the restaurant where visitors and occupants can dine either *a la carte* or *table d'hôte* as they please. These conveniences give a completeness to the whole that cannot fail to add to its attractiveness and popularity. To

crown all, however, in the basement of the building Roman, Russian and Turkish baths are to be constructed and a plunge sufficiently large, it is said, to permit of water polo being played therein. As incidentals, chiropodists, manicuring and hairdressing parlors will be run; in short, no possible element of comfort and convenience has been overlooked.

The Woman's Building is not a charitable institution by any means. It will be run on a strictly business basis but by coöperation and intelligent management will be not only the best and most complete home for working and professional women in this country, but by far the cheapest. The women whom it is sought to benefit have heralded the completion of the building with enthusiasm. They are mainly artists, actresses, teachers, authors, journalists and doctors.

## HOME DECORATION.

THE markets of the American cities are so rich in the art products of nearly all the great countries of the globe that a person has little trouble in securing any decorative object or even a collection of objects. The styles offered to-day are almost endless. You can furnish a room according to any period in the history of America, England, France or Germany or according to the styles pursued by the Japanese, Chinese, Hindoos, Persians, Egyptians, Romans, Greeks, Armenians, Russians, and Scandinavians. You can go even further and get up a pretty fair imitation of what is done by the noble red-man or the Mexican, the Sandwich Islander, the Manillaman, the Javanese, Brazillian, the Moor, and the Arabian. Everyone of these schools represents the endeavor of thinking women to make the home beautiful and all of them are as beautiful in our own land as they are or were in

country of their birth. Some of the styles are very expensive and for this reason are not available to people of ordinary means. The rococo school of France the Pompeian school and the Manderian school of China are excellent cases in point. With none of these could a large parlor be treated at a smaller cost than a thousand dollars, whereas with the ordinary oriental styles and the historical ones the cost varies according to the taste of the individual. A room can be furnished beautifully in a Japanese or Chinese way for less than what we pay for our own kinds of furniture and ornamentation. There are many things that can be taken from each civilization that render a home attractive. The exquisite fans, screens, wall-pockets, straw and bead curtains and pottery of Japan; the embroideries, carvings, weapons, pictures and porcelain of China; the cloths and mattings of Hindoostan, are all inexpensive and many of them

extremely handsome. It is well to bear in mind that too much ornamentation in a room is as bad as too little. If you are a collector well and good. It is but fitting that you should convert your parlors into regular museums, but if you are only a housekeeper desirous of embellishing your residence, you must exercise a wise discretion and use neither too much nor too little. This is the common sense of the matter and is also the invariable rule in the lands, where we obtain our decorations. In a Japanese drawing-room it is rare that you find more than seven fans upon the wall, the usual number being five. But these five are all different one from the other in color, size, shape and pattern and each one is a perfect gem in itself. For the same reason they do not have more than two screens in a room, no more than one picture in a large wall space. In China you may put upon your walls as many illuminated quotations from the great poets as you please. It is the sentiment according to their view which ornaments the room and not the scroll on which it is inscribed. The chairs and tables are arranged around the walls, and but a single table is allowed to be upon the floor apart from the walls. To an American used to a wilderness of furniture in a drawing room, the first sight of a Chinese parlor gives a feeling of bareness but after you are used to it and then go back to our own civilization the average parlor seems to be the show window or show room of some house furnishing magazine. The Chinese have one pretty idea, which brightens up a room very considerably. It is to hang a lambrequin over the doors of the room. It is of flat silk in some bright color, usually dark red, on which are embroidered large figures which are intended to be looked at from a distance. The figures are done in black colors or in gold or silver and brighten up an apartment in a very satisfactory way. Another pleasant feature of their rooms is arranging the chairs in groups of two with an artistic carved table between each couple. This is used as a

rest for the elbow and also for holding refreshments, cards, books or similar objects. Very delightful are the chairs and tables of the tropical orient, being made of bamboo, rattan, reed, cane, and willow. They are light, strong and beautiful. They are used in their natural color, stained, painted or gilded. With proper care they last almost a lifetime. We are beginning to manufacture these goods ourselves, but thus far have not got the price down low enough to make them available to people of moderate means. In the east a very pretty chair of this sort can be bought for forty cents and a splendid arm-chair that is a masterpiece of workmanship for a dollar and a quarter. We do not use mattings sufficiently. In most houses they are employed as carpeting for extensions and playrooms and then only those of plain color or of the simplest patterns. As a matter of fact the styles and varieties of mattings are almost numberless. They are used in the far east as carpets, rugs, bed-spreads, sofa covers, cushion covers, chair-seats, and prettiest of all for wainscoating. A roll of thin matting of some pretty pattern stretched along the wall and held in place by mouldings of oak, teak, rosewood or ebony or other hardwood makes a wainscoat of extraordinary beauty. In case of its being soiled it can be sponged off or cleaned with a damp cloth. Where we use wood for wainscots or for walls, matting breaks the monotony and improves the appearance of the chamber to a very large extent. Another eastern ornament which is useful as well is the earthenware or porcelain wall pocket. These range from three inches to a foot in length and from one to four inches in width and depth. They are made to fasten flat against the wall or in the corner of a room. The small ones will hold a dozen flowers with long stems and the large ones a huge bouquet, a spray of grasses and picturesque leaves or even a growing plant. They are far better than the little vase or pot supported by a bracket, as they never fall down and when once in position are scarcely ever broken.

They come in plain colors and shapes or in polychrome, elaborately moulded into all sorts of designs. The prettiest are those of Swatow which are best suited to houses near the sea. They represent baskets, seines, seaweed, covered rock or tree bark, and somewhere there is a frog, crab, lobster, prawn or crawfish vainly endeavoring to crawl into the top. Another very effective article is the oriental lantern. This is not the so-called Japanese or Chinese lantern which is so much in evidence on the Fourth of July. This last is a poor western imitation of the graceful shapes and dainty colors of the real article. The lanterns of the far east are a world unto themselves. They are made of every material and to suit every purse. For the poor coolie is a graceful globe, covered with red-oiled muslin and decorated with some poetic quotation and costing a few cents. For the wealthy mandarin it is a composite structure with carved ebony frame, frosted and decorated glass panels, silk and crystal pendants and gold and silver ornamentation, costing as high as a hundred dollars. I cannot conscientiously recommend the more expensive ones. They are too large for ornament, too dark for use and generally a trifle too grotesque or clumsy for our ideas of symmetry and artistic relationship. The prettiest are those which cost in the east from twenty-five cents to a dollar and one-half, and which are made somewhat like our own, but with proportions which suggest a joss house or a pagoda.

One of these in a hall or in a stairway gives sufficient light for practical purposes, and creates an atmosphere altogether interesting and foreign. Another habit of the East appeals to every lover of comfort, and that is the profuse use of rugs and cushions. They avoid carpets, because carpets are necessarily uncleanly and unhealthful. No matter how careful the housekeeper, the carpet will gather dust and germs. With rugs it is very different. Every one can and should be taken out into the open air and beaten or shaken

every day. A dozen rugs strewn irregularly upon the floor of a room are far more pleasing to the eye than the handsomest velvet or moquette that ever furnished a drawing room. Besides this, two or three piled together afford an excellent place, when one is alone, to lie down upon the floor and read as in the days of childhood. It is the same with cushions. The Oriental has them large, medium size and small. Some are stuffed with down, others with cotton; some with wool, and others with hair; some with fine shavings, and still others with aromatic leaves. There is equal variety in the covering, which may be silk or satin, cotton, linen or wool, grass cloth or hair cloth, plain, stained, colored or embroidered. It is rare that two are alike in any respect except in the virtue of producing comfort. A half dozen on the floor with a rug make a more luxurious couch than any bed. A score upon the wooden bunk make the famous divan, which is said to be the mother of slumber. Two or three will make the piano stool a thing of joy to the little girl who at present uses surreptitiously the family Bible. For invalids and ailing children, for old age and tired mortals, these cushions are a source of everlasting joy. Still other objects of beauty and utility are the ornamental chests of the East. The housewife is always looking for room in which to put away things. It may be magazines, papers, winter clothing or summer raiment, table linen, or things to be mended. It is so all over the world, East as well as west, but in the East they satisfy the want with chests which appeal to the eye as well as serve as receptacles for whatever may be desired. Some, the more expensive, are of beautifully carved wood, with a smooth top on which a heavy cushion allows people to find as much comfort as they would upon a sofa. Others have a cover made to fit them of some stout and pretty material, which is padded on four sides and cleverly padded on top. It makes an admirable lounge, and with cushions



piled at either end is a sofa of the best type. I remember one which was made of ebony; the front and sides were a mass of carving, representing scenes in some historic war. The chest was so old that the wood had assumed a richness and depth of color (if the term may be applied to black) that was simply beautiful. On top and hanging over on every side some six or eight inches was a cover made of embroidered silk padded nearly five inches thick. At either end were thick silk cushions of pale colors that contrasted with the deeper one of the cover, and gave an impression of absolute comfort. It was a superb orna-

ment, a very useful article of furniture, and was also the storehouse of the handsome dresses of its owner.

The same thing could be done in our own country. The space in bay windows or immediately in front of ordinary windows or in corners of the room could be easily utilized with the ornamented or covered chests, which would be a source of deep satisfaction to the housekeeper, particularly if the cupboard room in the house was not over-plentiful. In our own climate the best wood for the purpose would be cedar, Georgia pine, or any other fibre which keeps away moths and insects in general.

### THE LATEST FROM PARIS.

Dame fashion has simpler methods in Paris than in New York. In the delightful French capital she appoints certain days of the year upon which every one of her daughters is in duty bound to display her newest and best raiment. In New York and London you learn the fashions from the great parades upon the leading thoroughfares and the receptions and afternoon teas in which women are the chief if not the sole actors. In Paris it is much simpler, every fashionable woman dons her best attire and hies to the races. Of the different tracks in the neighborhood of the great Metropolis that at Auteuil seems to take the lead. Here style and beauty congregate and here the latest creations of Worth, Van Klopen and the other designers of feminine apparel are first exhibited to the public. No more delightful spot could be selected. The place and its surroundings is marked by the artistic sense and talent of the French genius, and the arrangements respecting carriages and pedestrians are worthy of adoption by our own land. The clear blue sky, noble trees, exquisite houses and beautiful lawns and meadows give a loveliness to the place which is diffi-

cult to describe. The toilettes this year were more numerous and brilliant than ever. The hard times that prevail in France as everywhere else in the civilized world seem to have no effect upon the extent and magnificence of the toilette display. Every woman who came was well dressed and dressed in the latest style. Those who were unable to do this stayed at home or else made trips in some other direction. The prevailing color of the dresses was blue. There was no doubt about it. The occupants of the carriages, the charmingly dressed women strolling to and fro, the people in the grand stand all wore the livery of heaven. It was in perfect keeping with the place. As no bluer sky exists than that which arches over Paris in May and June. There seemed to be no particular shade upon which even the majority agreed. Each had apparently selected her own favorite tint or that which best agreed with her complexion. Had there been one or two the effect might have been discordant but with thousands it was harmonious and delightful. The different tints melted and blended into one another very much like a bouquet or flower bed of violets and pansies, blue



THE NEWEST IN CALLING GOWNS.

bells and forget-me-nots, flax bloom and morning glory. A careful scrutiny, however, showed that the prevailing tendency was toward the bright blues rather than the subdued ones. Very few in number were *gensd' arme* blue, French grey, robbins egg blue, and their pallid colleagues. The majority were rich, deep and brilliant colors. Ocean blue, navy blue, royal blue, lapis-lazuli, ultramarine, and cobalt blue led the list. Beside the blues and next in number were the greens which ran the entire gamut of color. Beginning with the delicate tint of uranium glass and culminating in the most brilliant emerald. There were also corn colors, pale yellows and pale dove

tints. There was almost nothing in red, orange or purple, black, olive or brown. In regard to materials, taffetas were by far the most conspicuous. It was of all sorts and kinds, plain, and of changing colors, figured and flowered, smooth and wrinkled, with no design, and a geometric pattern. And in order to neutralize the roughness of this material the corsages were half covered in tulle, in linen or in silk or in plain embroidery, or half covered with a light jacket.

Next to taffeta came crêpon. This year it appears in greater variety than ever before. It makes a toilette of the simplest kind, light and graceful, and deserves the popularity it now en-



A PARISIAN STREET DRESS.



A COSTUME FOR THE PROMENADE.





A STYLISH COSTUME.

joys. A large number of fashionable women wore gowns in which both cr  pon and taffeta were combined. The combination in every instance was good, and in some was remarkably effective and beautiful. One suit may serve as an example. It consisted of a cr  pon skirt in ocean blue, moderately gored; there was a blue corsage trimmed in gold alternately with jet bugles, and with long and narrow wristlets of taffeta in changeable color. The contrast of the cr  pon and the taffeta was very striking.

In regard to the general appearance of the costume, Dame fashion is endeavoring to steer between the two extremes of too much and too little.

The sleeves are already beginning to vary and there are now three distinct types, where before there was but one. In the first, the sleeve from the shoulder to the elbow is more balloon-like than ever, the amount of material required for each sleeve being greater than that required for the waist. The chief expansion is on a line with the shoulder, and the lower part is brought smartly in to the elbow so as to prevent any hanging or dragging of the sleeve upon the forearm. In the second style the swelling begins at the shoulder, increases in conical form to the elbow, and is then brought in almost horizontally to the arm. The result is to make the sleeve droop down in graceful folds over the forearm half way to the wrist. A third style is more eccentric than any yet. It is a variation of the bell sleeve and does not begin until half way down the upper arm. It then bulges out until it is a foot in diameter and then comes back sharply to the elbow. Another sleeve which is coming into prominence and will probably be all the go next autumn starts upon the shoulder and at the sides so as to leave the shoulder free as well as the arm. It rolls out in huge folds and is caught on the lower arm just below the elbow. From here to the wrist it fits the arm quite tightly. On account of its great size it has to be stiffened, and gives a woman an appearance more than herculean. It is hard to pick out any one dress from the multitude which are equally in vogue; so much is left to the taste of the individual that no single style can be called the standard. One, however, which attracted considerable attention consisted of a graceful skirt



EXAMPLES OF MODISH GOWNS AND WRAPS.

and an embroidered corsage waist fastening on the side and terminating in a light but high collar. The collar was plain but the waist front was beautifully embroidered in spirals and palm leaf curves. The sleeves started their bouffant at the shoulder went out to a moderate extent, came in at the elbow and from there to the hand fitted the arm quite snugly. Over the waist was a mantel of mousseline of black silk with a light collar standing out from the throat. Over the mantle so as to cover the shoulders was a piece of ancient lace. The collar was continued into the edge of the mantle and thence passes into long scarfs which fell nearly to the edge of the skirt. The material of the suit was of light grey serge and the corsage was covered with guipure lace.

Another gown of the same sort was a trifle more elaborate and much more costly. The mantle had a high collar which was in Medici design and made of taffeta. The line was continued down the front to half way below the knee. Here was added to it a garniture of rich silk mousseline eight inches in depth. The shoulders of the mantle were of the same material and were extended sideways until they would reach the elbow, if the arm were elevated. Fastened to the mantle and covering its surface was a magnificent piece of antique lace about ten inches wide extending over the shoulder, and coming half way down the corsage where it was cut squarely off forming horizontal lines eight inches wide each.

Taken altogether there were many collars in many styles. In general they were rather short and very wide. Some are plain and simple in their treatment others are very ornate. For example one which was very striking consisted of taffetas covered with Greek tulle with applique design in yellow cloth. In some others the garniture was extremely simple in arabesque design. In drawing room costumes the changes are not so great from those of last season. The general outline remains very much the same but the material trimming, decoration

and treatment has changed considerably. A typical one consists of a simple piece of Pekin cloth in white and mauve. The border of the skirt is made of petunia colored velvet surmounted by a band of old yellow lace. Panels of lace about one foot part, extend from the border half way up the skirt. The upper portion of the waist is made of a similar pattern of lace; bretelles in straight ribbons of petunia velvet knotted together upon the shoulder descend in fan-like shape to the lower edge of the lace. The sleeves are of lace from below the shoulder half way down the arm and then become short balloons of the same kind of velvet. Petunia flowers in diamonds and enamel hold the hair in place. A charming costume suitable for afternoon receptions and also for evening wear is as simple as it is elegant and luxurious. It is designed for girls and young women. It is in white gauze and silvered silk. The skirt is gored and has no other decoration but bunches of satin ribbon in which are little silvered flowers which are fastened half way down from the waist. The corsage is cut moderately low and closely fitting to the body. The sleeves are extremely large and start back upon the shoulder and are caught in above the elbow. With this suit a necklace in pearls, silver filigree work, or carved ivory is worn. The idea is to produce a white or ivory effect indicative of the youth and purity of the wearer. A very simple walking costume which is very attractive consisted of a gown in light grey taffeta, the collar was moderately high, the corsage was tight fitting, the skirt gored at the waist but loose enough at the hem to form several small but graceful folds. The sleeves were moderate balloons beginning a little in advance of the shoulder, terminating at the elbow and falling slightly over the fore-arm. The belt was of black velvet and the edging of the corsage front of the same material. The general rule in the making of dresses is simplicity. Nearly every skirt is gored at the waist and but little fullness is allowed in its lower part.

The only lavish use of material is in the sleeves and here it is confined to a baloon covering the upper arm and shoulder or else to a ring covering the lower part of the forearm and the elbow. For young girls, mousselines are very popular as they are also for young women. Next for common wear are taffetas and crépons. In the corsage there is a slight return toward classic models. Several worn by society leaders were almost Greek.

The dresses that bloom in the spring, tra-la, are this year the most exquisite creations that Dame fashion has invented for many a season. One of the most encouraging signs of the times is that individuality as expressed in woman's garments is now a distinct factor, so that no matter what the prevailing style may be, the sensible woman of to-day no longer feels it incumbent to copy and wear it regardless of its effect upon her personality, but with happy ingenuity she seizes its salient points and gracefully adapts a type to an individual.

For over three thousand years history has told us of the tyranny of fashion, of the periods when no woman might appear without enormous farthingales, monstrous skirts, immense trains, paint, powder and patches; of the times when women laced themselves in corsets which, had they been invented by the Inquisition, would have been pronounced most ingenious and successful machines of torture; of soaring headdresses, equaled only by the Tower of Babel in ancient times and the Eiffel Tower of modern history. Of all these and many more follies are we informed, only to know that, like all other things not founded on natural development and the harmony of inward forces with outward expression, they are strewn like wrecks along the ages, and their records are valuable only as presenting points for the more progressive evolution of to-day. Thus at the present time we find ourselves at the most hopeful period of outlook for woman's dress which has presented itself for many years. No matter what the para-

grapher, the comic paper, or the supposed funny man may say, it is a fact that there is at this very time a greater variety in styles than has ever before been known. Variety alone is the most encouraging sign, for variety gives scope to individuality, and individuality is the very secret of beauty, grace and harmony in a woman's clothes.

The importance of urging upon woman the desirability of adapting her wardrobe to her personality cannot be overestimated. No woman can be well dressed unless her clothes have that subtle, mysterious relation to herself which no mere mandate of fashion can ever impart.

The five great nations in which the art idea has been most fully developed—Greece, Rome, China, Japan and India—have all had types of dress which were simple, harmonious and sensible. They permitted any amount of variation, but have restrained its variation within wise limits. The Goths and Vandals in their savage state dressed wisely and well; when they acquired the civilization of Rome they were not satisfied with the old Roman costumes, but stepped out to invent new styles, and they have been doing it ever since. It is this idea of variation which is the salvation of fashion in every age, and what is true of the type is doubly true of the adaptation of the type to the individual, for it is upon the final harmony of the individual with his environment that all civilizations depend. It is with some poetic allusion to the tender and evanescent tints of spring that one finds this delicate, pearl-gray gown of soft cloth, the skirt full and flaring, no longer standing out from the waist in the back in the stiff, hideous "organ-pipe" plaits, but falling in voluminous folds, which only the properly inspired modiste can create. The skirt is perfectly plain. The relief in color is afforded by a velvet waist, of a beautiful russet shade, buttoned closely up the front with small buttons of the same color and finished at the bottom with a number of deep, overlying



slashes, which have a charming effect. Over this is worn a jacket, of the same cloth as the gown, with a short, close-fitting back, like a Zouave jacket, and the front, open to the throat with a semi-blouse effect, fastened with three braided clasps, the high collar fitting the neck closely. The sleeves are large and drooping to the elbow, where they are met by long, close-fitting cuffs, finished from the wrist to the elbow by bands of braid that match the velvet in color. With this beautiful and artistic costume is worn a small green toque with two russet tips. The whole effect of this outfit is harmonious and refined, and may be advantageously worn either by a brunette or by a blonde with some color.

A simple and æsthetic gown, easily adapted in color and slight variation of garniture to any type, is made of rose-colored cloth or the new crinkly crêpon, and is especially adapted to slender figures, as the waist is made with a becoming fullness and fastened by a belt. The upper part of the waist is made of a cream-white satin yoke overlaid with gold applique. This yoke is outlined with brown velvet ribbon with two rows in front and rosettes where the velvet bands terminate on the shoulders. There is a brown velvet collar standing high about the neck, and the sleeves are immense at the top with deep cuffs of the satin and applique and satin ruching to the elbow where they are finished by hand and a bow on each sleeve. The most distinctive feature of this modest but effective toilet is the narrow panel extending from the yoke to the bottom of the skirt in the front, flaring out slightly as it extends down the skirt. It is impossible to see either the utility or the particular beauty of the row of small brown buttons which outline each side of the entire length of this panel, at least beyond the waist, for it is one of the canons of good taste in dress that anything which has a specific primitive use may not be properly used for mere ornament. This canon is permanently violated at the present day by the continued use of the two buttons

at the back of men's coats, which are no longer necessary for their original service, and in many ways we are now so accustomed to various illogical things in dress that the untrained eye does not readily perceive such superfluities as buttons that do not button, whether on men's or women's clothes.

An exceedingly swell and very Frenchy gown is made of pale tan cloth in a beautiful shade. The *tout ensemble* of this toilet is very chic, and in some indescribable yet definite manner depends upon the unusual style of the waist, which combines the effect of a waist and coat which has a flaring box plait falling from the bust line to the bottom of the short, full skirt of the waist. Above this box plait the waist fastens with two lapels finished with big buttons which fasten on opposite sides. The sleeves are the same balloon-like affairs we find in all gowns, and have a piquant little air added by the small point at the top of the cuff which runs up onto the fullness of the sleeve and is held there by a little button. The skirt is perfectly plain, save for the four buttons at the bottom of each side of the front breadth. It is noticeable that this beautiful and extremely stylish gown has not a hint of contrasting color anywhere in it. It is a most effective monochrome.

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Two other Parisian gowns may briefly claim our attention. One is of pink, the skirt finished in front on each side of the front breath by a deep V slashing filled in with paler pink chiffon or crinkled crepe, surmounted by a diamond-shaped opening also filled in with the fluffy crepe. Both the V and the diamond are outlined in narrow beaded bands and the skirt is also edged with the jet all around the bottom. A large bow of pink satin ribbon is tied at the intersection of the V and the diamond. The round waist has the customary large sleeves and deep cuffs edged with lace, and is finished with a deep fall of jet and an immense flaring lace collar.

The second gown is of Nile green,

has an applique design in deep scallops around the edge of the skirt, each scallop being finished with a small black tip. Vandyke's of the applique extend from the waist down over the skirt in front. Deep cuffs of the applique meet the huge puffs at the

elbow, where tiny black tips fall over them.

The gown is completed by the small Zouave jacket of the applique, edged all around with a feather band and completed at the neck by a ruche of tiny black tips.

## COOKERY.

### RECIPES FROM GREAT MASTERS.

#### CHOPS A LA PALERMO.

BY EMILIS GASPL.

Ex-chef of Spears and Pond's Restaurant.

Cut the chops about an inch thick and trim them neatly. Dry with a clean cloth and moisten them thoroughly with olive oil. Dust them thickly with flour, to which salt, pepper and Cayenne have been added. Fry in hot olive oil and garnish with water-cress.

#### OYSTER TOAST

BY THOMAS J. MURREY.

Congressional Restaurateur, Washington, D. C.

Chop fine fifteen medium-sized oysters, adding salt, pepper, a dash of Cayenne and a suspicion of nutmeg. Put in sauce pan and let simmer. Beat yolks of two-eggs in a gill of cream and whisk into the sauce-pan. When ready pour over slices of hot buttered toast.

#### TOMATOES A LA BISCAYENSE.

BY F. JAUSS.

Restaurant Jaus.

Chop fine a quarter pound fat pork, adding salt, pepper, Cayenne, clove, nutmeg and put in frying pan. Add six small onions cut fine and two cloves

of garlic grated. Fry slowly until onion is gold-brown. Pour every thing into a stew-pan and add a can of tomatoes or a quart of the ripe fruit skinned and passed through a colender. Also add six slices of preserved red chilies and six of green chilies. Stew not less than a half hour.

#### CURRY OF PRAWNS.

BY HON. WILLIAM E. S. FALES,

Ex-Consul at Amoy, China.

Boil two quarts of Florida prawns a half hour, cool and remove shells. Put a quarter-pound of butter in a frying pan; when hot add one clove of garlic cut fine, one large onion sliced and one apple, pared, cored and sliced. Fry to a light yellow and transfer to a stew pan. Add a pint of soup stock or of milk thickened with a teaspoonful of flour and into which has been carefully stirred a teaspoonful of curry powder and one of curry paste. Add the juice of a lime or a half-lemon, a half-teaspoonful of sugar, salt, white pepper and red pepper. Put prawns and simmer a half hour.

#### SHAD-ROES.

BY MRS. G. LEMECKE.

Wash two shad-roes; place in cold

water in stew pan on the fire, adding half teaspoonful of salt, one small sliced onion, half gill of white wine and a bouquet of herbs. When water begins to boil, move pan to side of stove and after five minutes remove and drain fish.

Cook one pint of green peas until tender adding to them one teaspoonful of sugar. Then add a quarter teaspoonful of salt, a half tablespoonful of butter. Also two tablespoonfuls of cream.

Fry the roe eight minutes in butter or olive oil. Cut into small pieces and lay in a deep platter. Pour over them the peas, sprinkle over it a little chopped parsley and serve.

#### LOBSTER A LA NEWBURG.

PROFESSOR CORNELIA C. BEDFORD.

President of the New York Association of Teachers of Cookery.

Put into a saucepan a quarter pound of butter, when melted stir and skim; add a gill of water in which a teaspoonful of flour, a saltspoonful of salt and a little cayenne have been thoroughly blended. Heat and pour in a half pint of rich boiled milk. Beat the yolks of three eggs with a half pint of cream and a gill of sherry. Pour into a saucepan and stir thoroughly. Then add the meat of two boiled lobsters, broken into pieces. A beautiful color can be given to the coral previously pounded into a paste.

#### BOILED CHICKEN.

AFTER MRS. S. T. RORER.

Singe, draw and put into shape two small chickens. Place them in a steamer or an Arnold cooker and cook two hours. Place birds side by side and garnish with celery-tops, parsley and water-cress.

The wet steaming or dry steaming keeps the color better and preserves the chickens appearance neater than the old-fashioned way of boiling.

#### DEVILED TOAST.

FROM THE LATE SAM WARD.

Cut bread into slices one-quarter inch thick and remove crust. Spread thin with a paste made of tablespoonful of butter, tablespoonful of milk, a dash of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a saltspoonful each of salt, white pepper, Cayenne and mustard or melt, these, mix thoroughly and pour on them. Toast over a moderate fire, butter and serve hot.

#### CAVIARE A LA MITKIEVITCH.

BY COUNT MITKIEVITCH.

One small can of caviare, two small onions chopped fine, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, two tablespoons of olive oil, one teaspoonful each of salt, white and red pepper and one teaspoonful of Hawley's sauce. Mix thoroughly and spread on hot toast.

#### SWEET CHUTNEY.

BY HON. EDWARD BEDLOE.

Ex-U. S. Consul.

Wash a long and narrow red chili, cut into strips and slowly simmer in a cupful of syrup or honey five hours. In the meantime warm a pint of quince or crabapple jelly in a sauce-pan with a can of California Bartlett pears cut into pieces an inch long and the juice of two limes or one lemon. When the chili is cooked or has lost most of its "bite," transfer it and the syrup to the saucepan. Keep it very hot on the back of the stove, but not boiling, a half hour. If too acid, add a little sugar; if too sweet, add more lime juice.

#### BLUEFISH A LA JAPONNAIS.

Wash, clean and scrape a small bluefish. Chop fine four onions and a piece of green ginger, add half-teaspoonful each of salt and pepper, a tablespoon-

ful of olive oil, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire (or better still a tablespoonful of Soy sauce) and mix thoroughly. Spread one-quarter of the mixture inside the fish, which lay in an earthenware baking dish. Spread the rest on

top of and around the fish. Bake in a moderately hot oven three-quarters of an hour, when serve. Garnish with ribbons cut from radishes and cucumbers, dice cut from an omelet and some cold slaw.

## THE PUSHING FOOTSTEP.

BY S. HENDERSON SCOTT.

WE were sitting in my parlor, a group of friends gathered to spend a social evening. The lamps were unlighted, and the fast-fading winter twilight filled the corners of the room and the shadows behind the furniture with black darkness, and made the faces of the group dim to the others except when the red embers on the hearth snapped, and sending a handful of sparks up the chimney, leaped into an instant's blaze. The shadows and darkness and the dull glow from the fire had brought us all into the frame of mind for telling ghost-stories and several startling tales had been told. The last one, a specially gruesome story vouched for as true, had been followed by the usual constrained silence broken only by the creak of a chair or the rustle of a dress, until, out of the stillness, the voice of the new young Methodist minister sounded slowly and softly. "I must tell you something that once happened to me," he said. "It was when I was preparing to enter the Theological Seminary. I was twenty-three years old, and had overworked at college, and to weariness of body had added weariness of heart; for soon after Commencement I had lost a very dearly loved sister. She was a remarkable girl and of a peculiar type, and her peculiarities had drawn us closely together. On the one hand she was most gentle, warmly affectionate, and drank in love with feverish eagerness, on the other hand she was intellectual, more logical than intuitive, physically fearless, and fond

of pleasures and pursuits usually regarded as masculine. She was a year older than I, but had been with me at college, and had been the means of determining me in favor of a college course. At college she proved herself a brilliant scholar, and captured a majority of the prizes open to her competition. She was an excellent violinist, and found in her violin the enjoyment most girls find in painting or embroidery. She was very fond of horseback-riding, and was a very fair shot and excellent angler too, and during her vacations most of her time was spent in the saddle, or out in the woods with her gun, or along the streams with her fishing rod in her hand, or at the oar. I was fond of all these pleasures myself, and when you add to this community of tastes an affection for me that was almost like a child's you can understand how fond I was of her. When we were at home, we were hardly separable. Wherever I was, there she was, and this constant companionship brought with it the freest interchange of confidences. No two young women ever opened their hearts to each other more unreservedly than did my sister and myself to each other. I knew her aspirations and hopes and even her dearer secrets, and she knew mine. Many and many a time we strolled like a pair of lovers through the whispering woods on Summer afternoons, or out along the dusty country roads under the Summer moon; and many and many a time, on rainy afternoons or the nights of Winter va-



cations, she brought her books or her work and, drawing a hassock to my feet as I sat before the fire, studied or wrought contentedly for hours at a time. But her favorite place when she had plans to talk over, or confessions to make, or requests to prefer, was on my knee as I sat in the big upholstered arm-chair in my chamber. There, with her arms about my neck and her cheek on my shoulder and her lips close to my ear, she would tell me of the last tender compliment some admirer had paid her; or, blushing, in murmuring tones, of the new interest that some new friend had wakened in her heart: or less diffidently, her plans for her life-work or her suggestions for mine, or some new scheme for a vacation trip. But there came an end to it all. I will not stop to tell the circumstances, they do not concern my story—but she suddenly sickened and died at the very beginning of vacation, immediately after our graduation, and the appalling grief that seized me, while it helped to complete my resolution to take up my present profession, made it uncertain whether I would be able to go on with my studies that year." The young minister stopped for a moment, and I saw a suspicious glister in the eyes of "the prettiest girl," who sat just where the slow pulsing throb of the red embers fell on her face. Then he went on: "The Summer passed away, and the sharpness of my grief was somewhat dulled. I began to hunt and ride and fish, and hunted and rode and fished in a desultory way, feeling my loneliness always and at times feeling it terribly. Just at this time my younger sister, Carrie, whom I had always regarded carelessly as a rather pretty child, was expanding into womanhood with the suddenness and completeness which we sometimes see come to young girls, and in my grief and loneliness I turned to her almost unconsciously for society and comfort. Carrie, of course, felt her sister's death in her own way but my sorrow seemed to touch her even in her own; for though she was altogether of a different type from my elder sister, she strove bravely to

be to me, all that Mary had been, and in great measure succeeded. She was not musical at all and cared nothing about fishing and was innocent of all logical faculty, but she was fond of riding and of long tramps, and had a wise little head on her shoulders, and besides being very light hearted, was a very beautiful girl. I welcomed her advances, and before the year closed she was as fond of reading in my rooms and nestling in my arms and confiding her secrets to me as ever Mary had been, and I began to love as a friend the young girl whom I had never regarded as anything but a baby.

So not vacation simply but a year passed and in the meantime my health had slowly returned. While scarcely feeling like going to the Seminary at the opening term, I had matured my plans, and determined to enter immediately after the holidays, taking my chances of making up the work at some other time during my course. Fall came. The leaves bronzed the woods and the grass turned to russet; then the falling leaves left the branches bare and the white petals of the winter's storm flowers came dropping down and covered the earth. Thanksgiving passed and Christmas came. It was peculiarly bright and sunny, and the snow lying heavily on the ground and pressed hard and smooth by the runners of many sleighs invited one to fly over its polished surface. The invitation was the more tempting because the air, instead of being crisp and sharp as it had been all along, was as balmy as spring. Loath to lose an opportunity so delightful, I had taken Carry and a couple of her young friends, a brother and sister, out for a drive in the afternoon. We had a double sleigh and a pair of dashing horses and the swiftness with which we sped over the white, shining surface, the many and sudden turns in the country roads, and the high spirits of the horses gave me too much employment to allow my eyes to often turn back to where the two young girls sat chattering and laughing and sometimes shrieking in mimic fright. I do not

know how many miles we drove, but I know the sun was setting before I thought of turning home. With sunset came a sudden change in the temperature. The heat seemed to fairly drop out of the air and before we could well know it, a bitter rawness had filled its place. The horses felt the change and dashed toward home with new eagerness, requiring all my attention. At one place where there was a long stretch of level road, I turned and asked the girls if they had noticed the change in the temperature and, seeing that my sister was buttoning up her fur jacket, I affectionately commended her thoughtfulness. The cold increased and the horses flew over the now freezing snow with more eagerness than ever. Farms and trees and fences fled past too fast for counting, the beating hoofs quickened into an almost musical pulsation, and before the long winter twilight was half over we had left our young friends at their home and reached our own. My sister was unusually happy. She thanked me many times for the pleasure of the drive, and during supper she never wearied of telling of the pretty bits of scenery she had seen, of the merry groups we had passed, and of a hundred little incidents of the drive. After supper, we sat before the fire for a good bit with her arms about my neck and her cheek against mine and her little feet toasting on the fender. When it was time for her to go to bed, she hugged me again and again and smothered me in kisses, and would not let me go until I had carried her to the foot of the stairs and brought her lamp, and then with a parting kiss she ran upstairs. I sat up for a short time and being alone my thoughts turned to the step I was soon to take and to certain embarrassments which might arise in consequence of some of my father's business arrangements. Thinking always makes me wakeful, and as I sat and revolved my plans in my mind, and their possible interruption, the sleepiness that the long cold drive had produced passed away, and when I went

to my room I scarcely cared whether I went to bed or not. However I did, and to my surprise went to sleep. I do not know how long I slept, nor do I know what awakened me, but I suddenly became conscious of being awake with every particle of sleepiness gone from me. The shutters of the windows were wide open, the curtains were drawn back, and the shades were raised, just as I had left them, and the greatful flood of December moonlight was pouring into the room. As I lay, half annoyed at waking and yet pleased with the beauty of the night, I heard very distinctly the sound of the gentle movement of a naked or stockinged foot over the carpet. It did not alarm me at all. I never locked my door, and my mother had never entirely suspended the habit she had formed in my childhood of coming in before she went to bed herself, to take a good night look at her only boy, and her presence had often awakened me. I therefore looked up, expecting to see her familiar form and face either coming into the room or leaving it; but in spite of the bright light which filled every part of the room no one was visible. Then I fancied that my merry little sister who was apparently much excited by the exhilarating ride might have stolen in to play some trick on me, and had hid herself on the movement of my waking; but while I peered to find her hiding place, I was puzzled to hear the sound continue. Determined to find the intruder and scold her for her foolish risk to her health, I sprang out of bed and began my search. I noticed as I did so that the sound ceased and this confirmed me in my expectation of finding my sister hidden somewhere in my room. I swung open the closet door and rummaged among the hanging clothes, I examined the corners of the room wherever there was a hint of a shadow, I looked behind the curtains, and under the bed, expecting each moment to hear the merry peal of her laughter as her hiding place was discovered. Somewhat to my astonishment, however, I found beyond doubt that the room was

empty of all but myself. I was startled for a moment and then concluded that either I had only fancied that I heard the sound; or that it was the movement of some of the curtains stirred by a draft; or else that if it had been either my mother or sister, they had left the room before I had awakened, and the sound which I had listened to had been their retreating footsteps. Satisfied and half-annoyed, half amused, I returned to bed, and composed myself to sleep. I was beginning to doze when the sound was unmistakably renewed. There was no longer any question of fancy. I was wide awake and the sound was distinct. There seemed to be some peculiar quality in it. I was certain I had never heard anything just like it before, and yet there could be no mistaking it for anything else than the gentle pushing of a naked foot over the carpet; not lifted and set down but pushed to avoid jar. I sat up in bed with something of a decidedly uneasy feeling. I looked at the door of my room; it was unquestionably shut. I looked around; there was no shadow anywhere of sufficient depth to conceal anyone; besides, I had searched every possible hiding place, and yet the sound continued plainly and it seemed to me with something of urgency. I grew more and more uneasy as I peered about the room striving to locate its source, and discovered that it seemed to move irregularly hither and thither as if it were the movements of one seeking something. I began to be troubled and was conscious of a growing feeling of uncanniness. I tried hard to compose myself but it was of no use and my nervousness increased. Scarcely breathing, listening intently, hearing the pumping of my heart as of some fiercely driven engine, I waited. Perhaps only a very few minutes elapsed though it seemed like an hour to me, and then the stealthy anxious pushing located itself at the side of my bed near the footboard. Very distinctly, as I sat there bolt upright with staring eyes, did I hear the strange slow "push," "push." — so distinctly

that I could almost see the blue veins in the white foot that was so gently advanced lest a creaking board should reveal its presence, and yet which, having reached that particular spot, seemed neither to go nor come. Once or twice, indeed, it did seem to me that I caught sight of somebody like a light mist, floating over the carpet at that spot, but the next instant nothing lay before my eye. I was not at all frightened in the common sense of the word, and yet while I was busy with the perception of the sound a change had unperceived come into my mind and I felt, I say "felt" for it better expresses the fact than any other word, that I was dealing with something of another world. Nevertheless determined to find out what it all meant I sprang from the bed, but scarcely had my feet touched the floor when the sound ceased. I dropped on my knees on the carpet and examined it but the spot on which I had heard it, and as it seemed almost seen it, lay unoccupied and unmarked like any other part of the room. I rose and stood staring at the carpet with the same freedom from fear we often experience in the midst of danger, but amazed and troubled and filled with something akin to awe, and yet almost angry that I could find no meaning to the sound; for this idea of the certainty of some hidden meaning had taken possession of me. It was in vain that I waited; the room was filled with silence except for the beating of my heart, and at last I returned again to bed. The rustle of the bed clothing was succeeded by a moment or two of silence and then again, slowly and steadily but with increasing clearness, the mysterious footstep began its apparently resultless efforts at progress. I now lay perfectly still, wondering desperately what would be the outcome of the presence of my strange attendant. Suddenly the meaning of it all came to me as if a curtain had been raised and the stage revealed. Directly in a line with my eyes as they ran over the spot where the slipping footstep kept hopelessly pushing, stood

the great upholstered arm chair in which Mary had sat so often on my knee. The memories of the past and of my sister's love came pouring in upon me, and suddenly and yet without surprise I believed that the pushing footstep was Mary's and that she had some service she wished me to perform, and that the silence which followed my rising was but a signal that I had so far done what she desired, and that the renewal of the noise when I returned to bed was simply her renewed endeavor to win me to her assistance. Immediately I leaped from the bed, and, as before, the sound stopped. I stood waiting now, listening for some further indication of her will but none came. My affection for her came surging into my heart like the returning tide strengthened by a vivid sense of her seeming earnestness and apparent helplessness, and as agonizedly as I would have striven to help her if she had been living and in trouble in which I could not help her I whispered hoarsely, "Mary? Mary? What is it, my darling sister? What can I do?" A thousand possible needs had been running through my head, needs in which myself and the house and my father and my mother had been the subject successively; but at the end of the time, my sister Carrie's name burst on me like the coming of a candle into a darkened room. I remembered her peculiar gayety as she parted from me, and with a horrible heart sickness, confident that the mystery was unravelled and that Mary had been calling me to Carrie's help, I threw on my dressing gown and rushed to her room. I remember now, though I did not think of it at the time, that it all seemed the most natural thing in the world, and while I experienced a sort of nervous exaltation, I gave no thought to the supernatural character of the visitation. A great horror of some terrible evil did however, weigh down like a material burden as I hurried along the corridor to Carrie's room. A few steps brought me to her door. I knocked gently but there was no response. Again I knocked more loudly

and called her by name. There was an other instant of silence and then her voice came to me, weak and burdened with effort, bidding me to come in. It was my sister's voice unmistakably; but while it was the clear voice of one thoroughly awake, there was in it pain and fear with their effort to suppress them, a combination familiar enough to many of us who have had experience with women whether old or young in their self obliteration when suffering. Faint, and with cold perspiration starting from every pore, I thrust open the door and hurried to her bedside. The sweetly beautiful young face lay wearily on the pillow, the twisted rope of golden hair encircling it like an aureole, and pain could not wholly distort the smile of happiness she gave me as I bent over her; but the hand she reached out to me burned with fever, her breath came in quick short gasps, her lips were livid, and a dusky flush covered her cheeks, and even as as I stood by her she gave several short, hacking coughs. There was no need to ask questions, I stooped and kissed her, and called her by the familiar pet name, and promised her a doctor, telling her confidently that which even in my terror I strove to believe, that she would be better soon. As I rose she put out her arm and drew me down again and kissed me weakly saying "hurry," and with breaking heart I rushed from her room. It took but a few minutes to rouse my parents and the servants, and then I ran to my room to dress. I fancied as I opened the door that I heard the same soft pushing, but I had now no thought to give to it. But a few minutes passed until I was flying down the road to the doctor's home in the village and almost as soon was speeding back him beside me. I can not dwell on the awful hours which followed. All was done that could be done, but before sunrise our darling had passed away peacefully and wearily. My father and mother were almost wild over this second loss of a dearly loved child, and their bitter grief forced me to conquer mine and take upon myself the con-



duct of affairs, striving to spare them as far as possible, and in the hurry and weariness of body and mind and heart I gave little thought to the strange experience of that terrible night. The few days remaining before my going away were thus filled with labor, and wearied with labor of body and mind I gladly escaped from a home that was filled with gloom and which had become fairly hateful to me. I was never awakened again by the pushing footstep, and as the days passed, my adventure the night of Carrie's death became an old story to me and I regarded it as one of those strange occurrences that sometimes come into our lives but do not seem to be really part of them."

The young minister's audience sat silent when he paused. His soft sympathetic voice and its mournful cadence seemed specially suited for the sorrowful story. The fire in the grate gave a little burst of flame as some piece of wood fell from the andirons and I was sure now that I saw the glister of a tear in the eye of the "prettiest girl" when I glanced at her. Before any of us could make up our minds to speak, he went on; "Do you know," said he, "that I could never shake off the influence of the memory of that strange experience in spite of the sequel." There was a change in his voice as he said this as if he had shaken off a burden or was coming nearer to us from far away. "I never told my parents," he went on, "of the mysterious footstep. I do not know why, but I did not. So it was in the most casual way that my mother told me when I returned at vacation time, of a curious discovery they had made in my room during my absence. It seemed the heel of one of the maids in sweeping had broken through the floor near the foot of my bed, and afterward when the carpet was taken up in the spring the hole was disclosed. My mother, who was a woman prompt in all household matters, sent at once for a carpenter to have a new board set in the floor, and on his arrival a most curious discovery was made. The broken board was found to have been

rasped down beginning at the distance of a yard or so from the hole until at that point it was a little more than the thickness of writing paper. When taken up, nearly a bushel of fine sawdust was found below and about a dozen huge black ants. Here unquestionably was the true explanation of the pushing footstep. I had gone to bed excited over the questions about which I had been thinking, and had slept lightly. The little six-legged woodmen had just reached the point in their carpentry which allowed the thinning wood to act as a sort of sounding board. I may have been awakened either by their rasping or simply as the result of the bright moonlight. My inability to locate the sound at first was no more remarkable than the similar inability which is a daily experience, and the secret of the stopping of the sound lay in the jarring of the floor by my weight every time I rose from the bed. My eye could not help falling on the chair and it naturally suggested thoughts of my sister Mary, and my sister's illness was a simple coincidence such as often happens. The association of ideas brought up Carrie who, as the most vulnerable and most active object of my affection, directed me. I see it all now."

This time there was the accent of conclusion in his voice as he stopped speaking, and a breath of mingled relief and disappointment went up from the rest of us. Some looked at their watches, the young minister himself stood up, and our evening gathering had come to an end. I saw the eyes of "the prettiest girl" rest with a look of sympathetic interest on the face of the story teller for a moment and then drop to the floor and I noticed that her lashes still sparkled. At the door, she seemed to have a great deal of trouble putting on her overshoes, so much that every body but herself and the young minister had gone before she was ready; but she chanced to be ready just as he was, and so it happened quite naturally that they walked down the path together in the white moonlight.

## AN EPISODE OF THE FRESH AIR MISSION.

BY HARRIET CARYL COX.

THE Secretary of the Fresh Air Mission threw down her pen with an impatient sigh; pushed away the half-written report spread on the desk before her, and rested her head on the back of the high-backed chair. Then she sighed again. It was stifling hot, even in the cool roomy office with its big windows open to the harbor breezes which just stirred, but did not loosen the scattered papers on the desk.

"It's simply awful," she murmured, rising and going to the window. "But I shall be away from it soon," and she gleamed longingly at the deep blue water and white sails, forming a refreshing background to the intervening mass of birds and reflected heat.

"And to-morrow is the last excursion," she continued with a relieved air. "Bless the tots, how eager they are, but I don't wonder," as a hot breeze blew in at the window.

"Only one day out of the whole summer, it does seem hard, but then it's better than none at all I suppose."

She leaned her head against the window frame and closed her eyes.

In thought she went to the cool mountain resort; she could almost feel the fresh mountain breeze on her cheeks and the queer panting trampling noise that drew nearer and nearer resolved itself into the rattle of a hay rigging coming home at night with its load of weary workmen.

A queer, shuffling noise and a timid knock at the open door, failed to attract her attention, then a shrill, high pitched voice broke rudely upon her reverie.

"Please mum, be you the Fresh Air woman?"

She opened her eyes with a start, mountains and rustic scenes vanished before this bit, very real city life.

Two small figures, hot, tired and dirty, stood in the doorway.

"Be you the Fresh Air woman?" repeated the older of the two, a small boy of eight. "Cause if you be, I want ter see yer on perticular business."

"Come on Jennie, you sit there and get rested," he commanded, jerking a tiny girl forward, and lifting her into the vacant window sill. "You just sit there and get cool, and I'll hold on tight and not let yer pitch out," and he planted himself by her side and held onto one little bare foot.

"I don't 'spose you've got no water here have you?" he asked, as the little head fell weakly back onto his shoulder. "I couldn't find no elevator, so we climbed all them stairs and and this is pretty high up."

"Jennie she ain't very strong ever since she was so awful sick in the winter and I guess she's pretty well tucked out," and he gave the tumbled hair a caressing pat with his sweaty hand.

"O, thank yer mum, that's just fine, ain't it Jennie?" as the secretary put a glass of cool water to the child's lips, and wiped the flushed face with a damp towel.

"That's real ice water Jennie, same's rich folks have all the time. Taste's good, don't it?" and he refilled the glass and took a long drink himself.

"Well, seeing how I've come on business, I 'spose I might as well begin," he said, as the last drop of water was drained from the glass.

"I've got a ticket ter go on the excursion to-morrer and I want one fer Jennie too," and he looked inquiringly at the Secretary's face.

She shook her head.

O, but you must, he eagerly interposed. "I know the tickets is all gone 'cause the lady what gave me mine, said so, but I knowed yer could manage it somehow if I'd only come and tell yer about it."

"You see it's just this way, Jennie she ain't never been in the country, no marm, not never once in all her life," and he looked pityingly at the little girl whose "all her life" was but four summers.

"The ticket lady said I couldn't take her no how 'cause the lady whose treat this is, said she didn't want us girls—and we are younger'n eight, but tain't Jennie's fault she's a girl, and too young, and she needs to go awful bad.

The doctor when he comes ter see Miss Peters this spring, saw Jenny a playing in the alley, and he said 'that child ought ter go inter the country. She'll never live to grow up here.'"

The boy's eyes filled with tears, and he held the little foot closer and looked up into the thin child face.

"Just think o' that Miss, never ter grow up here, and I promised her ma I'd take fine care o' her and I'm a trying my very best. Billy Sullivan, he helps too, and there's half an hour just at the busy time that we call Jennie's half hour, and all the papers we sell then, the money goes ter take care o' her.

"We just bought the caliker for that dress up ter Jordan, Manh's and Mrs. Sullivan made it fer her.

"Billy'n me'll take awful good care o' her and not let her bother one bit if only you'll let her go—can't yer, please?"

A whole world of longing went into the plea and the boy's eager eyes looked steady into the Secretary's own.

She turned slowly away, and went back to her desk, picked up a letter lying open there, and read the following sentence;

"I wish it particularly understood that there are to be no very young children, none under eight, and they must be boys, this is to be entirely a boys' day and I have prepared only boys' amusements."

"You see what it says," she said regretfully.

The boy's face had fallen, but there was a glimmer of hope as he cried—

"Yes, but she didn't know 'bout this and she wouldn't be mad if you'd let Jennie go, she'd just smile and say it's all right, and if she didn't, I'd just take Jennie way off in a corner somewhere and let her pick grass and watch the bugs a-crawling, and nobody couldn't object ter that, and Billy'n me'd go halves in our dinner and so she'd get something.

"Say, can't yer just write her a ticket?"

"Can't you," echoed the baby voice for the first time.

"Yes," said the Secretary with emphasis. "I can and I will, and I hope you'll have a lovely time," and she bent down and kissed the little face.

\* \* \*

Two days after the Secretary was a little later than usual at the office. She had been delayed by those errands that always make the last days before vacation particularly trying ones, so now she hurried into the building with a fervent hope that nothing was amiss.

"There's a youngster up in the office, terribly anxious to see you," said the elevator boy as he banged the door and they started up.

"He's been here since seven and he won't stir from the place, though he's come to the elevator every time I've run up.

"I spects he's one of them fresh air kids. Anyhow his eyes is a shining as if he's awful happy and he acts as if he'd got something terribly important to tell you.

"There he is now!" as a tumbled head peered around the corner as the elevator stopped and the door was thrown back.

"It's all cause you was so awful good ter me'n Jennie," the boy cried grasping her hand and patting it as if it had been a child's, then suddenly dropping it as if ashamed at this show of emotion.

"You'd ought ter be tickled 'cause yer writ the ticket and let Jennie go 'cause it's just turned out fine and now Jennie's a getting a whole lot o' country air, 'nough ter last her most forever.

Shame yer can't bottle it up aint it, and let out when you need it, aint it? Seems if some of them smart folks that's always inventing something, might invent that, don't it?

Well, Jennie 'n me went with the crowd and we did just have a scrumptious time agoing out ter the place, I tell you.

"Billy, and Jennie 'n me all set in one seat, and she set next ter the window and every time she saw a cow she squealed right out, she was so pleased."

"The other feller's kinder poked fun at us fust, but we didn't mind, and 'fore we got there, they kept a calling Jennie to look out of their winders at something and they gave her peanuts and gum and treated her fine."

"Then when we got out ter the house, Billy 'n me tried ter explain ter Mrs. Blake, and all the rest chimed in too, and she had ter hush 'em all up too listen to me. 'N while we was talking a young lady come and toated Jennie off, and bye and bye she came a riding past, a driving a little goat cart.

And the goat didn't like so many boys and it bolted and spilled Jennie all in the dust, then Mrs. Blake picked her up and told us to go and take a walk and pick flowers."

So we went off, and somehow we got lost. I don't know just how we come ter do it, but all o' a sudden, I didn't know where on earth we was, and there an nothing ter guide yer same's there is here, 'cause there wan't no cops ter tell yer the way, and no commarter go to ter get started straight from.

Country's an awful place ter get lost in, seems ter me. One field looks just like another and the cows is pretty near all alike, too.

Well, we come across a man and he told me ter go up ter his house and get rested and so we did. And his wife gave us great pieces of gingerbread.— And t'wan't no bake house stuff either. She buttered it real thick, too, and got a pitcher o' milk and made us drink all we could and she said Jennie needed ter live on that kind er stuff and play out in the dirt.

I told her there was plenty o' dirt in Boston and she was pretty well used ter it, but she didn't get very much milk there, and then she made me tell the whole story, all about Jennie ever since she was born. And she held Jennie on her lap all the time, and she cried some, and pretty soon the man come in, and she took the dishes out and they whispered together a long time and then when they come back, they said how they guessed they'd keep Jennie a month or so if I'd let 'em, and maybe fer good and always, they'd see how things went.

Ain't that just too fine fer anything?" and the boy's eyes shone with gladness and there was a triumphant ring in his voice.

"Well, yer bet I consented, and then the whole four of us drove back ter Mrs. Blake's, and we found 'em terribly upset and they thought all sorts o' dreadful things had happened to us. Just's if I wan't big enough ter take care myself and Jennie, too!

We had a fine time all the rest o' the day and Jennie she stayed and played with us, and then she went down ter the station to see us off.

Then 'twas pretty tough when I had to say good bye."

Here the boy's voice grew husky and something drowned the brightness of his eyes.

"I hope yer don't think that I wasn't glad she stayed," he said looking wistfully at the Secretary.

"'Cause I was dreadful pleased, only Billy he looked solemn too and when Jennie come ter kiss us good bye, it did make me feel kind er lonesome ter think I shouldn't see her everyday.

But I aint an everlasting kid, now I don't want yer ter think," and he nodded his head emphatically as if to convince himself of the fact.

"Billy 'n me set up pretty late last night a talking it over and we both 'greed we was glad, and now we're a going ter swear off smoking cigarettes and save the money ter go out and see her once in a while. Mrs. Haywood said we could and I'd just like ter see Jennie a getting plump and rosy,



wouldn't you now? 'Most likely she's a playing out in the hay now, and it's all a owing ter you."

And the boy turned a grateful face toward the Secretary.

And true to his thought, little Jen-

nie far out in the country rode laughing on the big load of hay, pelted the driver with tiny handfuls of the fragrant grass—nor thought of the ill smelling alley that was part of the former life.

### IN MEMORIAM.

BY WARNER WILLIS FRIES.

My dear, lost love of the happy days gone by,  
Memory's chiming bells I sadly hear;  
My heart repeats their echoes ere they die.  
This is your birthday, dear!

The shadows that obscured the vanished past  
Are turned to rainbows by my tear dimmed sight,  
Again I hold my treasures bright, so fast  
That all the world is light.

Once more we walk together hand in hand,  
Faith rises from her tomb to be our guide;  
A golden glory covers all the land,  
And Hope is by our side.


O love! I know it is an idle dream,  
To-morrow I shall wake to bitter tears;  
We cannot span the gulf that lies between  
Us and our vanished years.

My heart goes out to yours across the waste,  
Renewing all the tender claims of old;  
The strands of pain our lives have interlaced  
Are changed to strands of gold.

In other paths your footsteps wander now,  
Yet not beyond the footfalls of my soul;  
Oblivion now hides each broken vow  
Where Lethe's waters roll.

Yet though we walk together love, to-day,  
The clouds that came between us have not flown,  
To-morrow they will gather o'er our way,  
And I shall walk alone.

Oh, when with breaking heart I say farewell,  
And this sweet vision of a day is o'er,  
May angels guide and keep you safe and well,  
Through all the days in store!



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BY  
TAKING**

**AYER'S  
SARSAPARILLA**

O. C. DAVIS

"Every season, from the time I was two years old, I suffered dreadfully from erysipelas, which kept growing worse until my hands were almost useless. The bones softened so they would bend, and several of my fingers are now crooked from this cause. On my hand I carry large scars, which, but for Ayer's Sarsaparilla would be sores. Eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me, so that I have had no return of the disease for more than twenty years. The first bottle seemed to reach the spot and a persistent use of it has perfected the cure."—O. C. DAVIS, Wautoma, Wis.

**Ayer's<sup>the only</sup> Sarsaparilla**

RECEIVING MEDAL AT WORLD'S FAIR

FOR LIVER, STOMACH, AND BOWELS, TAKE

**AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS**

HIGHEST AWARDS AT WORLD'S FAIR

Made by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO. Lowell, Mass. U.S.A.



TOO CONSIDERATE.

Pat Hooligan, while slating the roof of one of our highest buildings, lost his footing and fell.

Over and over he went until within 25 feet of the pavement, when he struck a telegraph wire and managed to grasp it, first with one hand, then with both.

"Hang on for your life, Pat!" shouted his fellow workmen, and the bystanders rushed to the nearest dwelling for a mattress.

Pat held on for a few seconds, when suddenly, with a cry of "Sthand from undher!" he dropped and lay senseless in the street.

Whisky was used, and Pat finally came to.

When asked why he didn't hold out longer, he feebly replied:

"Oi was afraid the wire'd break!"

He recovered.

HE DIDN'T CATCH ON.

"May I—may I kiss those ruby lips?"

"Sir! Do not think of such a think for one moment!"

"Well, I—I could hardly help asking. I beg your —"

"Don't you think, Mr. Hoppy, that one moment is up by this time?"

PUZZLED HIM.

"I don't see why I lose so many places," said Jimmie the ex-office boy.

"Dey aint a smarter kid on de block dan me. Dey ain't a single one of 'em kin smoke a cigarette and whistle at de same time like I kin."

ONE TRUE ADMIRER.

"Mr. Timmins," said the old fashioned girl, "I hope you are not an admirer of the new woman."

"Oh, but I am," confessed Timmins, "She is good for at least three jokes and a poem every week."

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

"That's the seventh time this morning," said the shoe merchant as a customer left the store, "that you told me in a tone of voice that couldn't escape being overheard that a woman reminded you of 'Trilby.'"

"Yes," replied the new clerk, "and that's the seventh woman that I've sold a pair of shoes to."

A REAL SAVING.

The Lady Shopper—What? Pay \$5 for a lamp like that? It's outrageous, and I won't pay it.

The Astute Salesman—You forget, madam, that the price has been reduced to \$4.99.

The Lady Shopper (reaching for her purse)—Oh, very well then. I'll take it.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

"Do you play by note?" inquired one of the summer residents of Blueville of the violinist of "Berry Corners' orchestra," which had been discoursing ear piercing strains at a lawn party.

"Niver a note do Oi play by, sorr," replied Mr. Flaherty, mopping his heated brow with a handkerchief of sanguinary hue.

"Ah, by ear then?" said the summer resident, with a smile of gracious interest.

"Nivver an ear hilps me, yer honor," responded Mr. Flaherty, returning his handkerchief to his capacious pocket.

"Indeed! May I ask how you—what you do play by then?" persisted the inquirer.

"By main strin'th, be jabbers," said Mr. Flaherty, with a weary air, as he plunged his ancient instrument into its green bag, "An it s moighty dry wurrk an that's truth, sorr."



## FRAGRANT SOZODONT.

This remarkable dentifrice may be described as a PURE TRANSPARENT LIQUID, delightfully perfumed, a few drops of which applied to the tooth-brush and rubbed on the teeth, produces a most agreeable foam, which penetrates all the interstices of the teeth, and cleanses the mouth in a refreshing and pleasant manner.

# SOZODONT

renders discolored teeth white by its use, and the BREATH DERIVES FRAGRANCE from its aroma. The gums become rosier and harder under its operation, and a sensation of perfect cleanliness of the teeth and mouth is produced.

**RIDGE'S** for **INFANTS**  
**FOOD** AND **INVALIDS**  
**The Mother's Reliance.**

If your druggist hasn't it on sale, send 10 cents for sample can to Woolrich & Co., Mfrs., PALMER, MASS.

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Advertise and sell ordinary Cheviots and Storm Serges, for Dresses, as RAIN PROOF.

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**THEN TEST ANY FABRIC  
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TO THE

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World Party  
Starts Oct. 8  
Write for  
Particulars.

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# POZZONI'S POWDER

advertised for many years, but have you ever tried it?—If not,—you do not know what an **IDEAL COMPLEXION POWDER** IS.

**POZZONI'S**

besides being an acknowledged beautifier, has many refreshing uses. It prevents chafing, sun-burn, wind-tan, lessens perspiration, etc.; in fact it is a most delicate and desirable protection to the face during hot weather.

**It is sold everywhere.**



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For Infants and Children.

**Castoria promotes Digestion**, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. **Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.**

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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Mme. A. Ruppert says: "I know there are many ladies who would like to try the merits of my FACE BLEACH, but on account of the price, which is \$2 per bottle, or 3 bottles for \$5, have had some hesitancy in spending that amount to convince themselves of its great value. Therefore, during the coming month, I will depart from my usual custom and offer to all a trial bottle, sufficient to show that it is all I claim for it, for 25 cts. per bottle. If you live outside the city, send 25 cts. in stamps or silver and I will send you a trial bottle, securely packed, free from charges pre-observation, all paid." Mme. A. Ruppert has now public for eight years as the greatest Com-plexion Specialist which fact alone speaks more for her FACE BLEACH than the hundreds of letters from suffering women, telling her what wonders she has received from using her FACE BLEACH. She is the pioneer in her art and stands pre-eminently at the head, and not a single competitor.



In every case of FRECKLES, Pimples, BLACKHEADS, TAN, SALLOWNNESS, Moth, ECZEMA, etc., it is a SURE CURE. It does not cover up but is purely a skin medicine, perfectly harmless and wholly invisible. Call or send 6 cts. postage for Mme. Ruppert's book, HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL. It alone is worth its weight in gold to any woman.

**MME A. RUPPERT,**

Dep't. D. W.

6 EAST 14TH STREET,

NEW YORK

## LABEL THE LITTLE ONES.

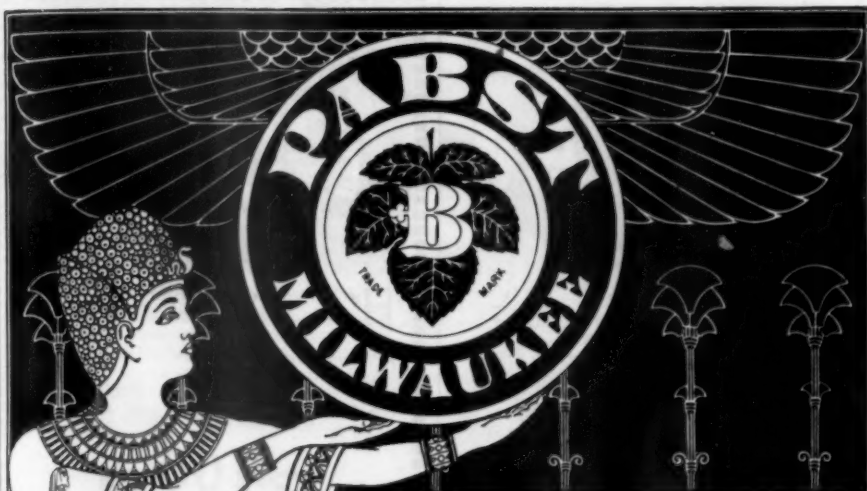
The anxiety often caused by the wandering away of a little child from his usual surroundings or his being separated from his parents in a crowd is made necessarily interesting by the fact that he usually carries with him no certain means of identification. To label him with his full name and address would be so simple a precaution that it is surprising that it is not a universal practice. We brand our cattle, punch cabilistic characters in the web feet of our fowls, engrave dog collars and scrupulously tag umbrellas and bunches of keys, while we give scarcely a passing thought to what would happen to our little toddlers and ourselves should they stray into unknown streets or meet with some accident in the domain of strangers.

In the customary marking of undergarments with indelible ink it would be but little more trouble to use the full name instead of initials, and on our outer garments a convenient place should be selected—say the inside of the collar band or the edge of the sleeve—where the full address could be placed. If every one who may happen to read this would adopt this plan and recommend it to others, there would be at once a beginning which might go far toward establishing a universal custom the usefulness of which would seem to be beyond question.

## GOOD HORSE SENSE IN BURROS.

The Mexican burros ascertain where to dig for water by closely observing the surface of the ground. We had found in an arroyo a sufficient quantity of water to make coffee when we observed three burros searching for water. They passed several damp places, examining the ground closely, when the leader halted near us and commenced to paw a hole in the dry, hot sand with his right forefoot. After awhile he used his left forefoot. Having dug a hole something over a foot in depth, he backed out and watched it intently. To our surprise, it soon commenced to fill with water. Then he advanced and took a drink and stepped aside, inviting, I think, the others to take a drink. At all events they promptly did so and then went away, when we got down and took a drink from their well. The water was cool and refreshing—much better, in fact, than we had found for many a day. There is no witchcraft about the Mexican burros, but they have good horse sense.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. "Infant Health" is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. City.



## BEEN SICK?

**YOU** and I have dreamed that we were trying to run away from something and our strength gave out at the critical moment, our legs refused to carry us, and when we tried to crawl on our hands and knees we always slipped back and commenced to fall, fall, fall. Nothing to save us! We grasped and clutched, the branch broke, the abyss yawned below us, and above, a star, like a ball of fire, came nearer and nearer. The weakness was horrible and the struggle for life so fearful that we awoke in the quiet peace of our room, caught our breath, and the sense of security, strength and *will power* came like heaven to a soul in torment.

### THE CONVALESCENT

feels this sense of weakness, and the disease, which has left him wholly unable, without help, to fight his way back to perfect health and full recovery, seems like a fiend who jeers and points to the shattered constitution and broken-down spirits. Nature unaided, like truth, may rise again, but **PABST MALT EXTRACT**, the "**Best**" Tonic will set every spring of health in action, build up the battlements of the body by feeding and nourishing every fibre of the physical system, and send the rich blood through the veins.

Ah, but that is not all.

It will calm the mind and nerves, give you *will power*, destroy the frightful sense of weakness and dispel your fear. This is half the battle, and the wonderful strength-giving qualities of the Malt will fight the rest. Ask your physician if this is not true, and he will say "**Yes**" with emphasis.

"The result of the use of "**Best**" Tonic was eminently satisfactory. Although I found it adapted to all cases of debility, in the emaciation consequent upon protracted wasting diseases, in tardy convalescence and in the general debility of advanced age, it is indeed a tonic *par excellence*."—E. Frank C. Browne, M. D., Riverside, R. I.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 43 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy



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After using it daily for three months your skin will be as pink, soft and velvety, as clear and plump as the most perfect baby's skin. It is not an artificial cosmetic. It cleanses, refines, purifies and whitens. It feeds and nourishes the skin tissues, thus banishing wrinkles. It is harmless as dew, and as nourishing to the skin as the dew is to the flower. Bottle lasts 3 months. Price, \$1.00. At all druggists and agents, or sent anywhere by express, prepaid. **SAMPLE** size bottle and handsome book, "How to be Beautiful," sent postpaid for 5-cent stamps. **LADY AGENTS** wanted. Very liberal terms. Mrs. Gervaise Graham, 1424 Michigan Av., Chicago.

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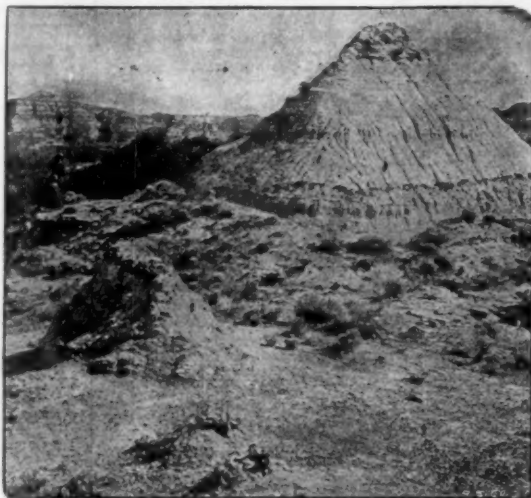
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OUR  
LINE**

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PARK**  
ALONG  
THE  
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MISSOURI  
RIVER**



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